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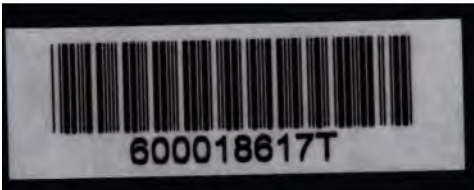
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MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

VOL. II.

MY JOURNEY

ROUND THE WORLD

VIA

CEYLON, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA,
TORRES STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
AND THE UNITED STATES.

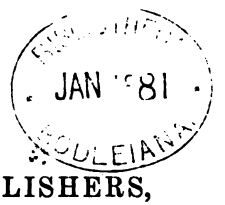
BY

CAPTAIN S. H. JONES-PARRY,

LATE 102ND ROYAL MADRAS FUSILIERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

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PLAY-BILLS ON A LARGE SCALE—THE MIKADO'S HOME—TOYS—ARTISTS—THE ASAKUSA PAGODA—AN OFFERING OF ONE HUNDRED TAPERS—A MATRIMONIAL IDOL—IMAGINARY WRESTLING—A COMIC ACTOR—VARIOUS CUSTOMS—WAX-WORKS—A GOOD SHOT—FEAST OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS—THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE—MODEL FARMS—AN OLD FRIEND—MR. BEATO'S DINNER-PARTY—A LITTLE CHILD'S GRAVE—NURSERY GARDENS—SEVERE LAWS AGAINST OPIUM-SMOKING—PRISON LIFE—A COSMOPOLITAN BALL—MY DOUBLE.

WE pass the theatre and see the subject of the play depicted in huge well-drawn cartoons on the outside. These are by way of play-bills, and by means of a series of pictures inform you what you are to see inside. It is very interesting to see by Cartoon No. 1.—The plot of the assassins. No. 2.—The elopement

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dors by the Mikado. They are seated in full diplomatic dress on chairs, before a table covered with a white cloth, on which stand gold epergnes of flowers and caskets of scents. Behind a half-lifted purdah, or blind, made of finely cut bamboo rods, or may-be long reeds, on a throne sits the Mikado, his head and upper portion of his shoulders completely hidden.

He is evidently dressed in European uniform, but his face is not visible even to ambassadors. Sweetmeats are being handed to the guests by "nesaus" (waiting-maids) all dressed in white jackets, tightened in at the waist by broad crimson girdles, and skirts of the same colour. I notice the girls are all tall and fine, like our pet London flunkies. A noticeable feature is that all these girls have two black spots, one over each eye. I never saw these marks in the outer world, or in any other picture or photograph, though I have an old ivory curiosity of a courtisan who has them. There may be some hidden meaning in them, but most people say they are merely badges of rank.

The photograph of the empress has not got them.

I was told that the present Mikado has six wives, but no children living; they were all either still-born or died in early infancy. His counsellors, I believe, recommend the disuse of polygamy. I have since been informed on good authority that there are children living. He is waited on by noblemen's daughters, and their post is hereditary. Few males ever see his face. His photograph represents him as a dull, heavy young man; but I hear he is not wanting in ability, though, like all Eastern potentates who indulge in a plurality of wives, he is indolent, and has no ambition to improve his mental capacity. The Empress is represented as a very aristocratic lady-like girl.

I do not understand the law of succession to the throne in Japan, whether it is, as in the case of the Grand Lama of Thibet, determined by the priests, or whether it goes in the legitimate line, or in one particular family. The idea of the sacredness of the Mikado's person, and the power attributed to his glance, reminds me that not so very long ago in

this country a king's touch was a certain remedy for various ills, such as scrofula and Saint Vitus's dance. It is delicious to laugh at other people's prejudices and superstitions when one has only just got over one's own. So have I seen good virtuous people surprised at a Londoner's fear of a harmless cow, forgetting their own sensations on first seeing an elephant.

Our road still lay amidst crowded streets, until we came to the entrance of the Asakusa Pagoda. We got out of our jinrickshas, and travelled on foot through a long avenue lined on either side by shops, in which toys, sweetmeats, and votive offerings were exhibited for sale; in fact, a regular bazaar.

To appreciate Japan thoroughly, you must spend some time at these toy and picture-shops. The former are most interesting, and the toys sold in them serve to amuse old as well as young; for the Japanese never seem to lose their childhood, and old grandfathers fly kites and spin tops, whilst their grandchildren look on. The toys are, as all Europeans now know, very ingenious and

clever, but there are a good many even now which would not be appropriate for English children, and not long ago small children out there played with toys which we should think absolutely indecent. The pictures are generally a faithful but fantastic caricature of whatever is commonly seen around you; and often in the older ones a deep sarcasm or political idea is hidden under an innocent surface. I never could understand the marvellous gnarled roots, the wonderful thistled branches covered with blossom which they depict, with birds and butterflies hovering over, until I saw in their gardens the identical originals produced. I never appreciated their weird roots and hollow trunks until I passed through their forests. The pose of their figures is faithful to a line, whilst their dolls are life-like. True they exaggerate occasionally, especially in the features of their images, but to make up for it every accessory is minutely true to nature.

I saw it stated in some work on Japan that the Japanese "do not copy each other, they reproduce the same idea, only in a different form." For my part I was particu-

larly struck with the enormous amount of copying that exists. One artist will reproduce any popular idea *ad infinitum*, and I was amused at the system of copy-books by which they teach the young idea how to draw. They have regular lithographed copy-books of certain subjects, commencing by easy objects, and progressing much in the way of our pothooks and hangers. As soon as the pupil can fairly reproduce one subject, he is moved on to another. For instance, a speckled lark's egg is produced over and over again, until the youth can draw one rapidly and truthfully. Then he is advanced to the bird that lays such an egg, and so on, till he is a fair artist in most natural subjects; but he is, after all, only a good copyist. I watched small boys carefully tracing some of those marvellous allegorical designs representing by means of insects and butterflies the progress of some great Daimios in the days of the Tycoon, and I was surprised at the rapidity with which they got over the outline, and the accuracy with which they put in the colour.

It was one of my greatest delights to sit

in a shop in Curiosity Street, and watch two small boys, the one drawing from a book full of copies, and the other tracing on gauze subjects for screens, whilst the married sister nursed a sweet quaint baby in the back part of the shop. These little fellows were uncommonly smart, and could strike a bargain as well as anyone I ever came across. I purchased several screen-pieces from them after a good deal of bargaining; but no money would induce them to part with the copy-book. I used often in passing to give these boys coppers to spend on themselves, and the whole family seemed always glad to see me. I only once saw the father of the baby; the whole business of the shop devolving apparently on these boys. The father was rash enough to let me take the baby, much to the mother's horror, who evidently looked on me as an ogre.

But to return to the Asakusa Pagoda; it was a festival, and great crowds were assembled there. Those who have been to Tokio will remember the number of tame pigeons at this place; they seemed ubiquitous, and as tame and impudent as jackdaws. They re-

minded me of their brethren at Saint Mark's, in Venice. We went into the temple, in which a bell was being incessantly pulled, I suppose by devotees anxious to attract the attention of the Deity. This pagoda was the only one I saw with any life about it; there certainly were many visitors drawn together, apparently more for fun than for devotion. One poor woman was incessantly walking between two shrines with small unlighted tapers in her hand. I ascertained she had a sick husband, and had brought a hundred tapers to present to the temple, and she had to walk a hundred times to and fro, leaving a taper each time. I hope, poor soul, her husband got better; she was the only person in all Japan that I saw who seemed in earnest in her devotions. I fancied I saw cross looks at us now and then as we walked about this pagoda, but still very different from the unconcealed dislike exhibited towards me in the streets of Canton.

One image had a wire netting in front of it, through which numerous little billets were passed; these were petitions to the

god for husbands or sweethearts, or more frequently contained inquiries as to whether certain lovers were true and faithful. It did not require a Delphic oracle to answer these in most cases satisfactorily. In front of the largest image stood a huge cash-box, into which several devotees cast money so carelessly that often it was a chance that it fell in at all. After having contemplated the scene some time, and watched several girls patronising the matrimonial idol, we went down the steps and joined the outer throng. The pagoda was in a large square enclosure, and surrounding it was a perfect Greenwich Fair, with tents, booths, huts, &c. Just in front of us was a crowd of attentive listeners to some blind musicians who were making a hideous row on instruments like zithers, played with a comb, and accompanied by banjos and "tom-toms." I could detect no tune, but there was a monotonous regularity of beat that made it somewhat musical.

We went on to a place where shouts of laughter were being evoked by an old man who was, in the most grotesque way,

imitating wrestlers. His action and the way he braced himself up for the coming struggle with his imaginary foe were inimitable. First he would retire, then advance, then dodge, and finally, springing up from all fours, grapple with his man, and in convulsive struggles overcome him, and then kiss his finger-tips to the audience. So excellent was the acting that I could follow every incident of the combat.

We then went to see a dancer, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, a comic actor. He held a duologue between a man and woman, of a very amusing but somewhat equivocal character, as I could plainly see by the shouts of laughter proceeding from the men, and the bashful looks of the girls. He danced and fanned himself all the time, putting on a female mask and altering his voice when he took the woman's part; and ever and anon, as pieces of money were thrown to him, he would stoop down and pick them up, making at the same time some witty remark to the audience, and then continue his dialogue. On one occasion he evidently made some allusion to us, for all

eyes were directed to us in a laughing, pleasant manner. I threw him some coppers, which he acknowledged with a courteous bow, and said something which made the people clap their hands. We left him for a peep-show, which was a very poor affair; many of the pictures were very tragic, and much ornamented with tinsel. A view of Fusiyama in eruption was the best. Hakodadi liked these pictures immensely.

We then visited a theatre, in which the scenes to be enacted were according to custom exhibited in huge coloured cartoons outside, reminding me forcibly of Richardson's show of old, where the front and sides of the caravan used to be decked with screaming sensation pictures of the drama going on inside. The acting was very good, the dresses handsome, the incidents very harrowing, and not at all indecent. Very often the plays are (not to put too fine a construction on it) unfit for females to witness; and I confess I could not see very much difference between one of their plays and the earlier representa-

tion of "Pink Dominoes." No doubt our Lord Chamberlain would! Yet the Japanese theatres are mostly patronised by females, and those of the most respectable classes. And here I may answer a question repeatedly asked, namely, are not the Japanese very immoral and indecent?

Immoral according to my view they certainly are not, and I am backed in this opinion by very excellent authority. To say they are not indecent would be to call down on my head a torrent of invective, for do not their pictures, their toys, and even their religious ceremonies show that they are? But then, and we judge them by a European standard, their very indecency is of so open a character as to be robbed of half its sting. The toys they put into their children's hands would shock our over-delicate sensibilities, and yet these things in the hands of little pure innocents partake of their innocence, and who could associate them with evil? Again, on their very altars, on the shrines that are holy in their eyes from earliest infancy, models are placed which are symbols of fecundity; yet they are hallowed by the sacredness of

their position, and to remove them would be sacrilege. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convey to our insular minds the idea that there are points at which modesty itself becomes immodest.

Those who have travelled much in the East understand these things. Take, for instance, Brahmin and other native women, who in India lead singularly chaste lives, and who, in days gone by, sacrificed themselves willingly on the funeral pyre of the man they had been true to in lifetime; yet these women pass daily and hourly symbols which, if exhibited and understood in England, would call down the most serious reprobation and scandal. But are there not customs practised amongst us daily, in all grades of society, which, if thoroughly understood and traced to their origin, would sadly shock our prudes, and concerning which, if some intelligent New Zealander or inquiring Hindoo were to seek an explanation, it would puzzle us as much to give it satisfactorily as the Zulu's question did Bishop Colenso. We, in our marriage service, ask in words for blessings which these people

desiderate by means of symbols, and which we in our custom of throwing rice after the happy couple have borrowed from them.

As the song says, "It very much depends upon the way in which it's done;" only for goodness' sake do not let us be too hard on them. I fully admit that an indecency exists in Japanese literature and pictures that would shock even our humblest classes in England, that their toys, symbols, and plays are indelicate; but I am not sure that I have not seen almost as indecent pictures not far from Leicester Square. Moreover, the public eyes of Japan are never scandalised by the scenes that occur nightly in our great thoroughfares and dancing saloons; neither is the mind of Japan contaminated by reports of outrages and divorces that fill our daily papers.

As a rule all these things are merely a matter of degree; take for instance female modesty as indicated by dress. The Turkish beauty, who so carefully conceals her features from the polluting gaze of strangers,

wears trousers, and rides in a fashion that shocks her European sister. In Burmah, when I first went there, no respectable married woman would dream of covering her bosom. The Hindoo girl, on the other hand, conceals her bosom, but leaves her graceful waist, as far as the hips, uncovered. The innocent little Esquimaux girl, whilst muffling herself carefully up to the throat, does not disdain to show a couple of inches of bare skin just immediately above her knees, and wears a very neat top-boot, with dazzling white lace over it, to attract the eye, yet there is no more modest and innocent girl than the Esquimaux, and she would, on her part, be horrified at the costume of an English belle at a ball.

Custom, again, must not be too harshly judged. A Circassian beauty, for instance, looks forward anxiously to the day when she is to be selected for a rich man's harem; to her it is preferment, and the family see in the transaction the road to fame and fortune for her, and advancement to themselves. The Maori lover, who carries away his bride, must often fight for her to the death. The

Australian bridegroom must watch his bride as a cat does a mouse to save her honour, and still more curious customs attend the marriages, births, and deaths of many Indian tribes I have mixed with. All tend to make one judge leniently of one's neighbours, and to make one feel that our own customs are not above suspicion, and our blue bottle, as Sydney Smith quaintly says, "not the bluest that ever buzzed."

After the theatre we went to see some rather revolting waxworks; they were perfect in detail, but those details were of a very disagreeable nature at times. They had one advantage, they gave one an excellent idea of the manners, customs, and dress of the people; but one scarcely cared to see too faithful a representation of a nobleman performing the "Hara-Kiri," or "happy dispatch."

We next bent our steps to a row of booths, at which pretty little miniature bows and arrows were lent for hire at so much per dozen. The mark to be aimed at was generally a small saucer, or a target with a bell in the centre, and you shot for sweetmeats

or pea-nuts, as we do in our rifle galleries at country fairs. The young lady who presided was becomingly got up, and was very pretty, and impressive in her manner. We sat down, and of course had tea to commence with. How wonderfully charming this custom of having tea is; it breaks the ice and gives a topic for conversation at once.

The girl then handed us bows and arrows: we all had a trial, but my efforts were so erratic as to be dangerous to the little maiden, but she only laughed at our misses. She herself could hit the mark every time, and very often made a bull's eye. When she did so she would drop her bow and clap her hands. She was a nice modest little lady.

After having remained here a few minutes, we went on, and of course were invited into every shooting gallery near the place. We bought some beans for the sacred pigeons, and then hurried on to other sights. I am detailing the experiences of all my visits to Tokio in this one place, in order to save going over the same ground twice. Of course it requires several trips to see any-

thing of such a delightful place. Near Asakusa is the magnificent avenue of cherry trees that blossom so beautifully, but bear no fruit. The feast of cherry blossoms is one of the prettiest ceremonies in Japan, and corresponds with our May day. Children, boys and girls, each have their special feast days. The boys devote themselves to flying kites and other boyish games; the girls to dolls. They have regular receptions of dolls, and go through a mimic day at Court with them. Since writing the above I have come across an extract on the subject worth inserting:—

"The children's paradise is certainly to be found in Japan, and the 'Albany Sunday Press' enumerates a few of the delights which await the little ones in the Land of the Rising Sun. Many people get their living solely by amusing children, and a profitable employment is found in blowing soap bubbles for their delectation. Miniature insects move and flutter; model turtles pop out their heads and crawl; birds whistle, fly about, and peck the fingers; pasteboard targets, when hit, burst open and a winged

figure flies out; and queer-looking balls of elder pith, when dropped into warm water, expand into the shape of flowers, trees, men, or serpents.

"As to the girls, their dolls are marvellous, and are handed down through generations, whilst the waxen babies are treated with great respect, and not knocked about or broken. There is a yearly Feast of Dolls, when the maidens show their treasures and get a new supply; whilst the boys have their turn in the Feast of Flags, and receive banners, swords, figures of warriors, and various masculine toys."

It was time to get some food, so we went to Uyeno, to a pretty restaurant situated in a well laid-out garden on the banks of a lake. Here we had a very nice lunch, served in truly French fashion. The various small tables and the chimney-piece were ornamented with sweet little dwarf cherry and peach trees in full blossom. The grotesqueness of some of these wizened old fellows was beyond description, and they seemed almost to reproach one for being young, they looked so weird, quaint, and old. We walked

round the grounds, which must be very pretty later on, as endless camelias of a good sort were just ready to burst into blossom. We saw a large image of "Shaka" (Buddha) close by. It was, for a wonder, well kept and cared for.

Getting again into our jinricksha, we went to a "Sintoo" temple. It was in much better repair than the others, but these temples are never so picturesque as the Buddhist, indeed, architecturally speaking, nothing prior to the age of the Siogims and Tycoon is so good as the temples and palaces of that period. We went through gardens at Fukiage, and then, as time was drawing short, we jumped into our jinricksha and told the men to fly to the station.

I scarcely remember to have travelled faster; it was like being on the Royal mail in the old coaching days—we literally swayed to and fro. The shouts of "Hai, hoi," to clear the road, were frequent and loud, and the good people came open-mouthed to their shop-doors, as they did when "John Gilpin" made his celebrated ride to Edmonton. We caused a regular panic in the streets through

which we passed, and only reached the station just in time to catch the train. It was too absurd, only fancy making a jinricksha man gallop to catch a train, was there ever such an anomaly? We gave the good fellows a handsome "backsheesh," and then got into our carriage.

Returning we met a very agreeable Japanese gentleman, who spoke English very well. He gave us a glowing picture of the future of his country, but complained that she was suffering from a surfeit of advisers. One advised a huge navy, another scouted the idea of a navy, but recommended an army, and others suggested fortifications only. I ventured to hint at peaceful pursuits, and the encouragement of agriculture. I pointed out that the fields were too small, and much land was wasted in hedges, &c., and advocated an improved system of farming. He smiled a placid smile, and told me that in view to such improvements they had established an agricultural college, model farms, &c., and had engaged professors from Cirencester. I did not venture to give that Jap any more hints on agriculture.

Here, at the very outset, the State had established an Institution by which a practical knowledge of husbandry and agricultural chemistry would be disseminated through the length and breadth of the land; while at the model farms, all who desired, could get a practical knowledge of farming.

They are indeed a wonderful people. In England the ignorance of the farmers is a by-word. Manures are used year after year that in some cases are positive poison to the land, and farmers are frequently bound by the terms of their leases to use occasionally a class of manure that must necessarily in time become objectionable. No friendly professor is sent by government to put us straight or give us good advice. I do not know of any place or case in which government gives a shilling in aid of improved agriculture. They will analyze our milk, sugar, and water, but not our soil, nor do they tell us how to make it more fertile; whilst our waste lands, neglected lands, and land ruined by bad farming would give a Chinese bastinado plenty of work. In France, even in elementary

schools, children are taught how to raise peas, beans, and cabbages. I am glad I met that Japanese gentleman, though he did make one feel very small.

Next day I went prowling about the streets of Yokohama, not merely looking into the shop windows, but peering into the very interiors. After lunch a snow-storm came on, and the ground soon had a white covering; it was too cold to go out, so I amused myself with toasting my feet at the fire and watching the fishing-boats coming in out of the storm; and then I read some old Japanese stories by Mitford. A young Jap brought me curiosities to look at; evidently he had been in the habit of catering for bachelors, for some of his collection were of a questionable description. A brilliant day succeeded the storm, and the fine fleet of men-of-war in the bay looked well with their canvas hung out to dry.

I took advantage of the lovely day to walk round the suburbs of the town, and then looked over "Stilfried and Anderson's" magnificent collection of photographs. In all my travels I have never come across any-

thing to equal them. In Italy I have seen finer specimens of architectural subjects; in America finer portraits; but, taken all round, Stilfried and Anderson rank first. I selected fifty costumes and scenery that were especially interesting to me, and had them bound up; this book has been the admiration of hundreds to whom I have shown it. I must not forget to mention that I met my old friend Signor Beato here. I had first made his acquaintance whilst engaged in photography under the walls of Sebastopol; I next accosted him amidst the blood and carnage at Lucknow; and now finally we met in the streets of Yokohama. Could anyone have chosen three more distant places, or more varied circumstances, to meet under? I have seen some splendid specimens of his art taken at all these places. I mention Beato here because he may be said to be the father of photography in Japan, and many of the best negatives there now are his productions. He was a true artist and not only manipulated well, but chose his subjects carefully and treated them artistically. He established his studio

at Yokohama, but finding he had larger fish to fry, he sold his business; and I am sure scores of my old comrades will be glad to hear he is doing well. I think, next to Mrs. Seacole, Beato is as well known to the British army as any private individual. Of course I must dine with him: he, in conjunction with another merchant, runs the club, a very comfortable one, at which my name was immediately put down as an honorary member. He promised that I should meet a lot of good fellows, and he kept his word. At the dinner which would have rivalled Barnum's celebrated breakfast, we had such a polyglot lot! English, Welsh, German, Italian, Russian; judges, counsellors, artists, soldiers, merchants, and diplomatists. The cuisine and wines were first rate. I was introduced to the Russian as one who had killed scores of his countrymen at Sevastopol, and we agreed that drinking good champagne with Beato was better than fighting in the Crimea. I made the acquaintance at this dinner of Mr. Wirgmann, an artist well known in Europe; and strange to say his drawings in the *Illustrated London*

News had attracted my attention and whetted the already too strong desire to visit this strange land. It was therefore no small gratification to me to shake hands with Mr. Wirgmann and tell him that he had greatly aided in making me perform this pilgrimage. I subsequently visited his studio and purchased a couple of spirited water-colour drawings; and he gave me a dear little sketch of a common sight in Japan, namely, a group of merry girls disporting themselves in a public bath. I may here mention a circumstance that impressed me very much, which was the friendly and social way in which officials off duty mix with those who are or have been officially mixed up with them. Society is so limited out in Japan that a judge, for instance, cannot very well isolate himself from those who are connected with him in his official capacity, or avoid meeting litigants whose cases he will next day be called on to decide: yet such good taste and delicacy of feeling are shown towards those who administer justice truly and indifferently, that all can meet harmoniously in the social circle.

I was much struck with a leading official I met with, and felt that, whilst men of his stamp held the scales, justice would never lose caste, or be evil spoken of. Our dinner was enlivened by many of Wirgmann's stories of his adventures in China during the war. His great delight seemed to be in showing that he had taken a non-combatant's privilege of securing his own safety; yet it is universally known how cool he was, and what presence of mind he showed, and how he exposed himself to danger during the attack on the legation at Yeddo on a subsequent occasion. I must finally add that Yokohama without Wirgmann would be Rome without the Pope. He edits, or rather creates, the Yokohama "Punch," and his likenesses are so good that by means of them I easily recognise the leading men of the place.

Next day I took advantage of seeing the gate open to stroll into the cemetery, a sweet, sunny spot, very well looked after. Pretty shrubs are dotted about here and there; and many a sorrowing relative will be cheered by knowing that their dear ones,

buried in this distant land, are still cared for, and that their graves are hidden by lovely camellias, cherry and almond trees. The tombs in some cases were very quaint. On the headstone of one I noticed half an orange and a saucer, put, as I afterwards learnt, by some faithful Japanese or Chinese servant, a simple token of love and regard for the little one whose body rested beneath; it was the one touch of nature, and made me feel so sad and choky that I had to turn away. I love that nigger, as they stupidly call these men, for that act. Another had a bouquet with a Christmas card attached, placed reverently on the grassy mound. Another foreign one had a ghastly photograph of the deceased lying surrounded by his sorrowing friends and active servants; it was let into the headstone, and covered with glass, but was much faded by the action of the atmosphere. I confess I liked the bouquet and pretty flowers better. Some English and American tombs were handsome. Altogether I was pleasantly impressed with this spot, and felt that I should not mind being buried there myself.

used for lawn tennis, &c.; it was nicely laid out, and well kept; a portion of it was devoted to monstrosities in the arboricultural line, which were quaint, but not pleasing. I must say that all the public gardens and grounds I visited were well kept, and presented a marked contrast to those I saw in the colonies and United States. I except Brisbane in this remark. I naturally spent every spare moment in strolling about the town and suburbs, or going out in a jinricksha iuto the country, and stopping at any favourite tea-house that my "horses" chose to take me to. It was very pleasant to see these fellows pull up with a flourish at a favourite house, and present me as a curiosity to the girls, as a gentleman whose orders were to drive anywhere they liked, and stop when they liked. They always had tea at my expense, and seemed very much to enjoy themselves. I think I knew every jinricksha man on our stand.

If anything struck me very particularly, I made a note of it, and got an explanation at

the hotel from anyone whose knowledge of the country enabled him to assist me.

A Danish gentleman on the staff of an English paper was very courteous and kind in this way, and after dinner, sitting over the fire, I get endless information from him. I noticed that several of the elder women had black teeth and no eyebrows. I found that it was the custom for married women and affianced girls to stain their teeth with a preparation of gall from the oak-apple, and to shave their eyebrows, in order to render themselves less attractive, and so, in the days of the Daimios and Samauris, save themselves from the evil consequences of having a pretty face. The bold warriors had no compunction, and were beyond the reach of the law, so that any fair Rebecca was liable to meet the fate that would have visited the heroine in Ivanhoe, had not a rescue been accomplished.

Up to the time of marriage, the girls in Japan have much, indeed endless license; they may go to a tea-house as a nesan, and make money in any way they can. If they succeed in making a dowry for

themselves, as most good-looking ones can, they never fail to meet with a husband; but when once married they say good-bye to all frivolities and flirtations and become henceforth good and faithful wives.

A Japanese husband can by law put away his wife at pleasure, or take a concubine; but I hear it is seldom done, which I could well imagine, for I never saw a people so domestic and thoroughly fond of their children.

In the country districts the women work hard in the fields, but no one can say that, either in town or country, they do more than their fair share of work; and in no case are they made drudges, as in Africa. The men are prodigies of industry; the women do light work. No wife-beating exists as a rule, and they are good to their aged relatives.

Crime is not common, but the sentences I saw recorded in the newspapers were very severe. I noticed in particular that a man for smoking opium got ten years' penal servitude. I asked a friend about it, and he told me that the man was probably an old offender, and that Government, having the

example of China before their eyes, were very stringent in their endeavours to stop such a pernicious practice.

Prison life is much improved of late years, thanks to English interference; it once was simply a lingering death, now they treat convicts fairly well, and utilise prison labour.

I never have been able to solve the question how such a happy, contented people could be so callous about death, and be willing to put an end to themselves for such trifling causes. In China, and other less favoured countries, I can understand it, but not in a country tolerably well governed, and with a population so genial and light-hearted. Amongst the upper classes over-sensitiveness on points of honour has much to do with it. A good illustration is given by Baron Hübner. A Samauri determined to kill himself because his sword had been accidentally knocked down by a foreign official, of whom he could not seek redress for the insult. He was with difficulty persuaded to relinquish the design.

Honour is immensely valued, and some delightful instances of the length to which its sacredness is carried are mentioned in Milford's "Tales of Old Japan." One execution took place whilst I was there; a marine stole a few dollars from the captain's cabin; it was public money, and by law he forfeited his life—he was shot by his own comrades. I hope such punishments will soon cease, as indeed they must as soon as human life becomes more valuable.

A gentleman who resided eighteen years in Japan, told me that, notwithstanding the open nature of the houses and consequent facilities afforded for crime, he had only been robbed once, and then, strange to say, the articles taken were of a nature to be easily identified—namely, a sword and a revolver. He never recovered them.

I made the acquaintance of a leading barrister, who was most kind and showed me me much attention; he was also the means of imparting information to me. He took me to a bachelors' ball. The young fellows in

Yokohama, in order to repay many civilities, gave a series of balls in the cold season. These festivities are conducted on a liberal but most economical system, and without costing much money give a great deal of pleasure. The band of a German frigate in harbour discoursed loud but lively music. The company was cosmopolitan in the extreme. Every nation was represented. Foreign naval officers in uniform enlivened the scene. Sir Harry Parkes was there. I think if I remember rightly only one unmarried lady was present, and of course she was engaged. Coats greatly predominated. The ladies were all young and well dressed. I made several very nice acquaintances. It was curious to see the line of jinrickshas outside the doorway waiting to take up. Each had a paper lantern with its number in large scarlet figures on it. Ever and anon you heard that Mrs. So-and-so's jinricksha stopped the way. It certainly, next to a sedan chair, is the most comfortable way of going from a ball, for the conveyance can be drawn almost into the room, and with the hood up, and the oiled silk down over

the whole front, you are kept nice and dry.

On reaching my hotel, I went to the bar to get something to wash the dust down my throat. I found a portly person, of decidedly naval build, there also imbibing his grog. When I undid my ulster and exposed my white tie and a clean bit of boiled rag (*i.e.*, a shirt) as the Yankees call it, my friend looked puzzled, not knowing whether I was a parson or undertaker, evening costume not being very common in bars in Yokohama. I entered into conversation with him, and at last curiosity impelled him to ask to what country I belonged. I answered "English," or rather, I added, I should say "Welsh." I had often for fun puzzled strangers by saying I was a Welshman. However my friend was not puzzled, but brightened up, and said "So am I."

He then asked my name, and I told him "Parry." He said "So is mine." "I come from Carnarvonshire," I said. He replied "So do I." I expected him to say that we were twins, but he didn't. Subsequently, how-

ever, speaking of the national love of music, I asked him if he played any instrument; he said he played the violoncello. "So do I," I replied. Here I found a countryman, of the same name, and who played the same instrument, so we had a split-soda on the spot. I found that he had come out to work a coal mine for the Mikado, and was undoubtedly from the same stock originally as myself. On Saint David's Day I again met my friend, and we did a glass of "cwrw da" in honour of our patron saint.

I picked up at odd times some queer acquaintances, for if any stranger came to dine at the Hotel, Mons Bonät, if he thought him agreeable, or found that he belonged to the Army or Navy, always put him to dine at my table. In this way I swore eternal friendship with a French naval officer who had served with us in the Crimea and in China, and who, though somewhat "screwed," was very good company. He invited me to sail round the world with him, and assured me that his ship and everything that belonged to him were mine *absolutely*.

I had many a pleasant drive with Mr. K——; his ponies were very spirited, and only half-broken, like most native ponies. They went along at a splendid pace; but they could not outdo the bettos, who kept manfully up, one in front and the other behind; the former calling out the usual "hai, hai" to clear the road for us.

On one occasion we returned home by the "noshawara," a long street entirely devoted to ladies of easy virtue, to the manifest advantage of the rest of the town. I could not help agreeing with my friend that such an arrangement was superior to our home system, and that London and Parisian public thoroughfares did not come out in comparison with this so-called *uncivilised* country.

We drove through the Chinese quarter; it was like going through Canton again, only a very much improved Canton, strangely cleansed and purified. I was amused to see written up, "Ah Sing, washerman and clear starch man," also "Chang, A 1 tailor."

Strange to say that Mr. Wirgmann, and all who are capable of forming a just opinion,

prefer the Chinese to the Japanese as much more trustworthy. In business they are to be depended upon. I do not think that I could ever like the Chinese; they never thoroughly attach themselves to their masters, as so many of the natives in India do; their whole heart and soul is in the Celestial Empire, and an enforced absence is only tolerated until the time arrives to go back. In my rambles I noticed many different salads used by the natives, and I also saw fennel growing wild, but I could not find that the natives used it.

CHAPTER II.

I START FOR THE INTERIOR—THE TOKAIDO—MY SLIPPERS—FUZISAWA—CHOPSTICKS AND POACHED EGGS—AN OLD FEUDAL TOWN—JUGGLERS—TONOSAWA—A KANGHA OR HILL-LITTER—THE GEYSER AT MIANOSHTA—THE BATHS—MY TOILET ASSISTANTS—A PHEASANT FOR SIXPENCE—EXQUISITE SCENERY—A JAPANESE BED.

I HAD always intended taking a little ramble into the interior to see as much as I could of the inner country life of these fascinating people, and it was now high time to carry out my design. I first had an interview with Mr. Bonät, and got him to retain my rooms during my absence for me at a small charge, also to secure the services of Hakodadi as my guide.

I then fancied all was serene, but on the very evening before starting some one asked me if I had got my passport. I had never

dreamt of such a thing, and had, therefore, to postpone my start for twenty-four hours until this document was procured. I had no difficulty in procuring it from the consulate; and, when I did get it, it was a strange-looking article, all covered over with Japanese hieroglyphics. I wish I could have made out what my name looked like in Japanese.

The evening before my departure was devoted to making notes of all I ought to do and see in my trip; but, alas! I was sorely puzzled amidst all the conflicting advice I had tendered to me. Some said, "Decidedly drive as far as Odawarri—splendid road." Others said, "Ride, the roads are bad for driving and all filthy." All this advice was very unpalatable, for I had indulged in sunny visions of a jinricksha all the way, and doing the thing in real native style.

Eventually I made up my mind to this mode of travelling as being much the most comfortable, and at the same time the most novel. I was also advised to take lots of grub, as there was nothing to be had on

the road. I was warned especially to take sheets and towels; in fact, I began to think that my trip would entail so much trouble and forethought that the game was hardly worth the candle. But these difficulties were a mere bagatelle compared with that of selecting a suitable route.

I protest that in mercy to my readers I leave all these details out, for they would in themselves compose a volume. What then was I to do? Why, go to Mr. Bonät and take sweet counsel with him. He cut the matter short by saying, "I will put up a little coffee, a tin of sardines, a loaf and some biscuits for you; take also a couple of my towels, and a knife, fork, &c., and a bottle of brandy. Then as for routes I will get Hakodadi to take you a nice little round that will occupy about a week."

I got hold of Hakodadi, and examined him to ascertain that he understood what Bonät had set down, and, finding he did so, I agreed to the route, and told him to be ready to start next morning at eight.

The night was so rough and stormy that

I was doubtful about starting next day, but the morning was lovely. After an early breakfast I sallied forth surrounded by the staff of the hotel, led by Bonät, and feeling very like John Gilpin when bound for the Bell at Edmonton. It clearly was an event that excited interest. Do not imagine for a moment that such expeditions are not every day undertaken by the residents, but here was a Griffin, or greenhorn, starting, and that was where the laugh came in. At the door stood two nice clean jinrickshas, each with two men, girded up and looking very fit, and snuffing the cool morning air like thorough-breds. I got in, wrapped myself up in my ulster, had my hand-bag put under my feet, then Hakodadi got into another jinricksha, and the prog was shoved in under his feet, and off we started amidst profound bows from the hotel people, and broad grins from the bystanders. As a matter of honour we were propelled through the town at full speed, accompanied by many more shouts of "Hai, hou, hoi," than there was any necessity for.

We travelled abreast wherever it was practicable, and Hakodadi leant back in his carriage with a regal grace, smiling and condescendingly returning the salutation of his friends just as an equerry might do, fancying himself mistaken for royalty. Flying past the railway station scornfully, as much as to say, "No modern hot water machines for us," we ascended a hill, and a lovely view presented itself; we were fairly in the country. Here our horses stopped, and after having a cup of tea began to peel. It seems that municipal authority demands that within the limits of the town they shall wear continuations. Thank goodness, I like Highlanders, and am not squeamish about legs and bodies, and thought these good fellows looked so much handsomer showing their bare well-made muscular limbs than with those miserable breeches on. None of them were well tattooed as the first-class bettos are. On we went, but, oh dear! how bad the road was! it was a miracle I was not upset; to walk was impossible, for the mud was knee-deep after the rain of the previous night. These lovely children had left the

tokaido, or high road, to try a short cut running near some paddy (rice) fields, in fact to go bang across country. What did it matter, was it not all in the bargain, was it not all part of the fun to get into impossible places and meet with boojums and snarks?

I cannot describe the joyousness of that morning's drive; everything was new, fresh, and beautiful. Cherry, almond, peach, and plum trees in full blossom, all the natives working so quaintly and industriously in the fields, getting them ready for sowing spring crops! We were crossing a low rich valley, evidently highly irrigated and producing in due season maize and rice, together with vegetables, for the town market. I noticed that they grow largely an immense succulent root called dai-kou (radish) that looks like a cross between a mammoth mangold and a parsnip. I did not taste it, but I hear it is coarse; it might perhaps be good fodder for cattle in England, and I recommend a trial.

We soon came to the tokaido, or grand trunk road, and then my jolting ceased,

and I had no longer to be carried on men's shoulders over morasses and bogs, to save springs, &c. I could now lean back in my jinricksha and enjoy myself thoroughly; it was much like travelling in an easy barouche, the only drawback being the feeling that my dear horses were human, and might get tired; but no, not a bit of it, they had a nod and a civil word for everyone who passed, and whenever they came across a well-known and approved tap they pulled up and with much grinning and bowing went in for tea. A cup was invariably brought first to us, then these good fellows would sit down together and drink theirs, laughing and chaffing the bystanders, after which they buckled to again, starting off at a good pace to make up for lost time.

The tokaido is a fine broad road that runs the whole length of Japan, and is very fairly laid out. On either side are avenues of fine old white pine; here and there I passed through park-like clumps of trees consisting of cryptomerias, cedars, and cypresses. Wherever the trees had been cut down, young ones had been planted: I

understand that Government requires anyone who cuts down to replant. The cultivation of the land was good and neat, and there seemed little waste. The crops varied very much. At one time I was passing tea plantations with their formal rows of little bushes all geometrically laid out; then again mulberry bushes dwarfed for the better and easier nurture of silkworms; then green crops, and again rice, maize, and wheat. Like the Chinese, they do not allow anything in the shape of manure to be wasted.

At length we came to a decided halt; I fully understood it was to be so by the spurt put on as we entered the village and by the horses putting on their jackets to prevent their catching cold. Hakodadi informs me that the men are going to *lunch*, and invites me to walk into the tea-house and sit down. I do so, and the first thing that meets my eye is the form of a comely lady squatted on a mat, having her hair done. I hesitate to intrude myself on her whilst she is performing her toilet, but Hakodadi urges me forward, and the lady smilingly signifies her wish that I should come and

sit beside her, so Hakodadi goes to my jinricksha and brings back my hand-bag, out of which he produces my slippers, which I put on before ascending to the clean matted dais on which the lady is seated. Oh! those slippers, what a joy they were to me! They were of Berlin woolwork with black devils on a scarlet ground. They gave endless delight to hundreds of admiring girls, and were a topic of universal conversation. I used to show every girl her particular sweetheart on them, much to their amusement. I always travelled in white racquet shoes, which I shuffled off and exchanged for slippers before treading on the beautiful matting that carpets their floors. The Japs themselves always slip off their clogs, and walk in their stockings. Occasionally slippers were ready for visitors, but I always preferred my own. I have described hair-dressing elsewhere. The lady told me that she did hers every third day, that her friends came to do hers, and she went to her friends. I, of course, admired her hair very much, and in return she invited me to come and see her again on my way home.

Tea was brought to me, and with it a delicious sponge-cake. The "horses" went in for their own food, and ate enormously and voraciously; their meal seemed to consist of several courses handed in single cups, and supplemented by quantities of rice.

In the meantime I watched the toilet. There was no constraint in the woman's manner, or any sign of levity or freedom; she received me just as a lady in days gone by would have received a visitor into her boudoir during the dressing of her hair for a court ball. As soon as the horses had finished their food, Hakodadi gave the signal for a start. I paid a few coppers for my tea, then bade adieu to the lady, donned my shoes, and started off. Everything and everybody I passed seemed strange; priests of Fuzisawa in their picturesque white dresses, bonzes in their long dark robes, women with their huge bows behind, babies looking like animated bundles, ladies travelling in jinrickshas, awfully got up with powdered faces and cherry-coloured stained lips, coolies dragging huge loads in queer carts, and occasionally a pack-horse looking

very lean and miserable, terribly overloaded, and wearing bootikins of plaited straw. The ladies as elsewhere seemed to like being looked at, but who ever heard of a horse in straw boots except in Japan? We crossed several broad rivers by good substantial wooden bridges.

I was much puzzled by seeing here and there people making gigantic, long, sausage-looking things of plaited bamboo work; they looked like huge bolsters, made of open work rather like the covering of a soda-water syphon. What could they be for? I thought of fireworks, then balloons, then triumphal arches; at last I found out their use. They are carried, when complete, to the edge of any river that is given to overflow its banks, and there filled with good sized shingle, and then rolled into position, to act as a breakwater. In some places they were piled one on the other, making a breastwork eight or ten feet high. They were, in fact, a novel kind of gabion, most ingeniously constructed.

Generally near a bridge we came to a turnpike, and I had to pay a trifle, and got

in change a handful of most extraordinary bits of copper and brass.

Arriving at Fuzisawa, we turned into a very handsome tea-house. The jinrickshas were run right into the house between raised floors, on which great numbers of Japs were squatted, having food. I got out, and, having put on my slippers, was conducted through a courtyard in which was a sluggish fountain, with some plethoric fish in the basin, to an inner and better class of room. I was requested to squat on the matting, and was immediately surrounded by tea-girls, who placed a nice brazier of charcoal for me to warm myself. My hands were cold, and one of the girls, seeing this, began to rub them, whilst another stirred up the charcoal with iron chop-sticks. Soon after, Hako-dadi appeared, and with him several more tea-girls, bringing with them a nice little lunch of poached eggs and rice. I had read somewhere, or been informed, that the Japanese like their eggs half hatched; this is quite false, for they never eat eggs unless hard boiled, and you cannot boil an egg hard that is not somewhat fresh. I had

taken the precaution to bring a knife, fork, and spoon, but, as chop-sticks were provided by the girls, I could not resist having a first lesson under such tuition. It was a bad subject to start on, and I had to give it up, and try the chop-sticks on a piece of charcoal. Eventually I got to use them fairly well.

I strolled out to inspect a very handsome monastery that stood just opposite. I was impressed with the variety of trees and shrubs surrounding me; on one side were hollies, ancuba, japonica, and mistletoe, all in full berry; in front, tall graceful elm and oak trees, mingling with feathery bamboo and hardy palms; whilst in full blossom were camellias, peach, almond, cherry, and plum-trees, a strange mixture of east and west. Starting on again, we soon arrived at Odawarra, an old feudal town, surrounded by a wall and ditch; round the monastery in the centre of the town, were growing many fine shrubs, and in the moat were beautiful caladiums. Odawarra is an important village close to the sea, and, judging by the number of nets I saw drying, must contain a population chiefly of fishermen.

As I passed through the main street, I saw a juggler performing some wonderful tricks for the delectation of the gaping crowd. Like the Indian jugglers, they perform their tricks entirely unaided by any machinery or mechanical contrivance. When shall I understand how these half-naked fellows do these tricks? It quite surpasses my understanding. I have seen them come on board ship at Madras, and with naked arms and bodies sit on deck and do such impossibilities that it almost made one's hair stand on end.

More tea and more tea-girls; then I change "horses," and make final salaams to my good steeds, who have brought me thirty-six miles in six hours, including stoppages. The change was made, I think, merely because we came across two empty jinrickshas, returning to Tonosawa, who took the job cheap, and not because my men were tired. The road now began to ascend, and was exquisitely beautiful. I skirted the scarped side of a range of hills, leaving beneath me a fine brawling river running through a fertile plain, behind me

the bright blue sea, and in front range on range of hills, wooded with pines, cryptomerias, cedars, cypress, birch, oak, and innumerable forest trees, most of them commonly known in England; add a goodly festooning of honeysuckle (Japanese and common), and westeria, an undergrowth of ancuba in bright berry, and a wealth of ferns and moss, and you then must draw largely on the imagination to conceive this lovely scene. Yet I do not admit that it surpasses New Zealand scenery.

Gradually the road became steeper and steeper, and the "spurts" of the runners became less frequent and shorter, until at last steam was put on, and with a final rush I arrived at Tonosawa. Here I changed into a novel conveyance, called a "kangha," or hill litter. It consists of a small square frame, something like the square of a beam-scale, slung by four thin bamboos to a light pole; the bottom of the square is covered with slight rope netting, and has on it a well wadded cushion. A flat cover of very light bamboo matting protects the occupant from sun and rain, and on this cover are

generally fastened the large bamboo hats of the bearers; a couple of bamboos are fastened across the two rear suspenders, and form a back to lean against. The whole inside is covered again with a large quilted coverlet, which serves as a seat, and as a back-cushion.

If you have not practised sitting like a tailor, the position is very uncomfortable, and I never got used to it; but the Japanese, especially the girls, delight in it; and they sit for hours, quietly reading or working, without being cramped, or feeling fatigued. The whole is borne on the shoulders of two stout men, such short, muscular-looking fellows, they reminded me of "Puck," in Sir E. Landseer's celebrated picture of "Titania and Bottom." These men never pretend to wear any more clothing than is absolutely necessay for decency, as their limbs must be unfettered, and, even as it is, the exertion up-hill is so great that the perspiration streams down their jolly broad backs.

I remember the story of a Welsh bishop who was being driven by the squire to open

a church in a very wild mountainous district. He remembered that he had done many things in his time; but he had never before been driven up-stairs in a dog-cart. I was literally being carried up-stairs in a kangha; for the road here was simply a series of steps cut in the hill-side; this, mind you, was only when the road was good; it was more generally composed of large stones kindly left uncovered by the mountain torrent that had selected our route as the most convenient one down to the sea. Darkness was drawing on; the gloom of the forest was awfully grand. Every now and then our path was brightened by an opening in the trees, through which we caught a glimpse of heaven, where every imaginable star in the sky seemed to have been collected to shine brightly on us. Sometimes, too, a thin red and yellow line creeping along a distant hill-side, showed us that the grass was being burned, and I firmly trusted that it would not drive all the wild animals and horrid snakes across our path; the kangha just puts you on a nice level for a snake to give you a playful nip.

At last the lights of Mianoshta came in sight; a small village perched in a paradise of exquisite scenery, and surrounded by a tranquillity almost too perfect for realization. The village owes its origin to the vicinity of a magnificent geyser, or boiling spring, the water of which is conducted to every house in the place, and thus affords to travellers the boon of a warm bath at any hour of the day or night. I had told "Hak" never to take me to any but real native tea-houses, as I wished to avoid the half-and-half manners of would-be European Japs. We entered into the court-yard of a tea-house with much ceremony, and found the proprietor, with his wife and nesaus, standing with lighted torches ready to receive us. They made the usual salutation, and I proceeded to get out of my "kangha." What with cramp, and being unused to such conveyances, I was shot ignominiously into the arms of the landlady. Off boots and on slippers as usual, and then I selected a room; I was put into a very nice one looking down the valley. After depositing my baggage, two nesaus took me in tow to the bath-rooms,

as nothing can possibly be done till you have had a bath. The difficulty was to find one cool enough to suit the tender skin of a European who had not been subject to the process lobsters undergo, for the water issuing from the spring is simply boiling. The baths were a series of square holes lined with wood, the smallest bath being large enough for two persons to sit in it, and deep enough for the water to rise up to the neck of the sitter. Sometimes two such squares closely adjoin each other; at other times the squares are divided from each other by bamboo mats. In these days, by order of Government, the women's baths are invariably separated from the men's by a screen; but in days gone by the baths were much larger, and men and women bathed in the same bath, only separated from each other by a floating spar fastened across the bath. A friend of mine, who had been in Japan eighteen years, told me that in primitive times, there being no public-houses or newspapers, the good people of both sexes used to go to the bath-house, and all the news of the day was then and there circulated. The

utmost decency and order prevailed. All the baths I visited (but one, to be alluded to hereafter,) were fairly shut in from public gaze. The floors are always wooden, and in places frequented by Europeans a few pegs are let into the wall for clothes, and a chair placed to sit on.

My progress was, to say the least, singular. I was conducted, as I said, by the two nesaus to several bath-rooms; one then put her hand into the water to feel the temperature, and motioned to me to do the same. If she thought it too hot she shook her head and looked grave; if I thought it too hot I shook my head and looked ditto. Finally they took me to one further off from the spring-head, on a lower level, and consequently cooler; it was, moreover, more private, as it had a door, which none of the others had. The nesau felt the water and nodded with a smile; I did the same. They then got towels and began to assist in undressing me; that is, they took my watch and chain and money and put them in a little box hung up against the wall for that purpose. I think they would have undressed me

altogether had I submitted, but after they had taken off my boots, socks, and coat I thought it time to dismiss them; but being unable to tell them civilly to retire, I was compelled, amidst much laughing, to push them out of the door. I had a delicious bath, it was really a luxury after the jolting of the kangha. The girls remained outside until I re-admitted them, and then they assisted in my toilet as far as they could. I beg to say, for once and for all, that the conduct of these young ladies was perfectly decorous, and that most probably they looked on my action in turning them out as very false modesty, and on a par with the delicacy of the American lady who put unmentionables on the legs of her chairs and tables, so greatly was her sense of propriety shocked by the idea of their being naked. In most books that I have read the character of these girls has been spoken of with a tinge of suspicion, whilst those on the spot generally condemned them in an undisguised manner. I only write of them as I found them, children of nature, perfectly free and easy in their bearing, most anxious to please,

as is their bounden duty, for to that end they are hired, but certainly not either bold, vulgar, or immodest.

I was wondering what "Hak" would get me for dinner, fearing lest my ravenous appetite would find little to assuage it, but, to my delight, I found a smoking hot trout, nicely broiled, before me, whilst my bath-room friends seated themselves on the floor ready to help me. Now when two girls come together to attend on you it is difficult, if not impossible, not to prefer one to the other; one must be necessarily more sympathetic than the other; besides two are company, three are not. But how do they find out which is the favourite? Yet after a time the nice one came and sat nearer to me to do the honours, whilst the other did the waiting. I had more lessons in chop-sticks (I quite love chop-sticks), then tit-bits were placed on to my plate, and I was urged to eat more. I endeavoured to get my charmer to taste my brandy and water, and succeeded after many refusals and many wry faces; while the other nesau chid her friend for her prudery.

Then "Hak" appears with a grin on his face that would have killed a Cheshire cat with envy, and places before me a splendid roast pheasant, which he informs me, apologetically, has cost about sixpence, and is all mine, and will do famously cold for breakfast next morning.

I carve the pheasant and cut it into small squares, and eat it every bit with chop-sticks. No unholy knife or unhallowed fork is permitted to touch it, and "Sia," my attendant, is full of admiration at my skill. Then Hak appears again, closely followed by the other nymph, bearing a sweet omelette with sugar and lemon.

Where is my starvation? Where the hardships foreshadowed by my friends? Where the imaginary entry in my diary, that "at this stage I had to eat my boot-laces, fried in the fat of a massacred boa-constrictor?" I must own I was a little disappointed at not being allowed a tinge of martyrdom, and felt that if this kind of thing continued I should carry back my tin of sardines unopened, and so be disgraced for ever. At the same time I was not sorry that an appetite

provoked by that exquisite mountain air was being appeased by such goodly viands.

At last dinner was over, and Sia making a graceful obeisance departed. I was left sitting in the verandah, looking down that lovely valley amidst perfect but serene stillness. I watched the mimic warfare of the burning grass creeping up the hill-sides. It seemed as if a line of skirmishers was advancing—a flash here and a flash there; then a fusillade along the whole line, causing a brilliant illumination. It reminded me of the "thin red line" so vividly described by Dr. Russell, and set me thinking of days gone by that contrasted awfully with the serene calmness that now surrounded me; and I confess I felt a horror of war that soldiers are generally supposed not to feel. I sat listening to the murmuring of the brook and the crackling of the fire, until I was awakened from my reverie by the approach of "Hak" and my Hebe. "Hak" suggested it was desirable to go to bed. It was with reluctance that I acceded, for I was fascinated with the exquisite scenery of that valley with its hills crowning hills,

alp piled on alp, stretching into the far distance.

I was very curious to see what my bed was to be like on the first occasion of my sleeping in real native Japan, and eagerly watched the proceedings. First of all Sia withdrew a sliding-panel, and out of a cupboard dragged innumerable thickly wadded quilts. They were all large enough for two people to lie on; but as I was single they were doubled, and three were piled upon the floor in a snug corner of the room, thus forming a good mattress about a foot high; then a smaller one was rolled into a sort of bolster, and shoved under the place where my head was to rest. The Japs themselves never use a pillow in our sense; they use a block of lacquer, covered with a pad stuffed with wool, and the whole covered with the soft paper they use for pocket-handkerchiefs—they rest their neck on this in order not to disarrange their hair. After three more quilts had been spread well over the mattress to keep one warm, my bed was pronounced complete. All the paper screens

that separated my room from the verandah were then closely drawn, and thus the room was shut in. I complacently sat on the ground watching these proceedings. Next Sia brought a high screen, which she put so high as to shut out my corner from the rest of the room, and then placed a long low screen, about three feet high, which almost surrounded my bed on the two outer sides, the permanent walls of the room forming the protection on the other sides; thus all draught was completely shut off from my recumbent body.

After I had given Hak the orders for the next day, I was left to get into bed. As soon as I had turned in, the two girls came in with a high oil-lamp, and a paper screen to place before it to subdue the light, on which the sun and moon and Fusiyama were very conspicuous. Twice after these young damsels came in to see if I was all right—once on the plea of setting water by my bed-side for me to drink, and again to rummage in the cupboard; on each occasion they made me smiling salaams, and then finally departed. After they had gone I heard much laughing

and talking, and Hak's voice very predominant. I would have given much to have understood what they were talking about; but perhaps it was not complimentary, so ignorance was bliss.

CHAPTER III.

FRIENDLY PEOPLE OF MIANOSHTA—"OHIO"—A THICK JUNGLE—THE LOVELY LAKE OF HAK-HONE—A NATIVE SCHOOL—THE FAMILY TUB—EN ROUTE TO ATAMI—VOLCANIC SPRINGS—A JAPANESE WIESBADEN—ALONG THE COAST—CAMELLIA WREATHS—TMOTU SPOILT BY EUROPEANS—MY BOY ATTENDANT—BACK TO YOKOHAMA—FAREWELL TO JAPAN.

EARLY next morning Hak and the girls came in to call me, and then both nymphs conducted me to my bath; they seemed always to run in couples. I merely put on my ulster, and trotted after them. I enjoyed my bath very much, and on coming out, found my attendants waiting for me; and they conducted me up the steps, each holding on to an arm, as if I were an infirm old man. I may here remark that in all cases where it did not interfere with my personal comfort or ideas of propriety, I

allowed these people to have their own way, and it amused me considerably to yield cheerfully to their funny little civilities, and accept their primitive attentions. I daresay other travellers missed many of these, simply because they would not do in Rome as Romans do. I wanted to see native Japan as far as possible, and I only regret that civilization had made such strides there before I visited it. When I was partly dressed and presentable, as I wanted soap I clapped my hands, and Sia came to find out my wants. I, by a series of pantomimic signs, made her understand, and she brought me some. She remained squatting close by, watching earnestly the operation of face washing. The cleaning of teeth was evidently interesting. She told Hakodadi that Englishmen were very clean and smelt sweet, a great compliment from people who bathe often five times a day. My breakfast consisted of good coffee without milk, and plenty of poached eggs. The Japanese never use milk, they seem to look upon it as medicine. I ascertained that mothers invariably nurse their children, and yet all classes have an

aversion to cow's milk. I thought perhaps that being Buddhists they might, like their very strict co-religionists in Burmah, object to it as robbing the calf of sustenance and so endangering animal life; but several well-educated Japanese told me that such was not the case, for they will eat ice-creams. After breakfast I looked fondly down that lovely valley, over the pretty little terraced garden and its mass of cherry and almond blossom, with saddened thoughts, feeling that I should never see them again. I visited the bubbling spring and gathered a spray of double cherry blossoms; then paid my score. which, including that marvellous pheasant, was under one dollar, and prepared to start. The kangha men were waiting in the courtyard outside, surrounded by all the members of the household, master, mistress, nesaus, and all. As I came out the mistress gave me a photograph of the tea-house, and a pretty little saki cup, bidding me use it and think of her. Alas, that cup of all others got broken. I only wish my nice Mianoshta hostess could know how I grieved about it; it would have perhaps pleased her

to find how I valued it. All the members of the household were assembled to see me depart and bid me adieu.

If getting out of a kangha is difficult, I think getting into one is worse; it is like getting into a hammock netting, or swing; just as you are getting in, it gives way backwards, and you go down on the ground. Now to sit suddenly on the ground in front of a lot of young ladies before whom you are trying to look *triste* and sentimental is very discouraging; however it gave Sia and her friend a chance of rushing to the rescue and tenderly assisting me in. Then that pretty word "Ohio" which means good-bye was said, and I was off. At the corner the kangha men stopped to change shoulders. I looked back and saw Sia still standing watching. I kissed my hand to her, and in another second Mianoshta became a happy dream of the past. We were threading our way through narrow tortuous streets as steep as those of Peru, and a thousand times worse paved. I could not stand the manifest exertion it was to the men, so I got out and walked. Just as we were emerging from the village

a pretty incident attracted my attention. A young Japanese mother had tied the pussy-cat on her little child's back like a baby, much to the child's delight; but the cat did not understand it and, in its fright and anxiety to get away, scratched the child, and a dismal howl ensued: a few coppers restored equanimity and dried up the tears, and the mother was very contrite for having caused her baby to be scratched. These people dote on children, and they are never tired of playing with them. The woman, as I learned was the wife of a kangha man, who doubtless was toiling away for her and his little one. Thank goodness, the men in Japan do work.

Our road lay through impenetrable jungle. I actually saw cypress and cryptomerias smothered with westeria. One peculiarity of kangha travelling is that, being suspended from a pole on men's shoulders, your line of vision is so much lower than usual that you get to see things almost microscopically, just as I could fancy a fly would walking through grass. All the lichens and mosses are brought near the eye, and grasses that in

walking you would look down on, are now seen waving around and above you. Trees and bushes form an eternal avenue overhead, and your expanse of scene is greatly circumscribed. I did certainly feel that I was unpleasantly near any snakes that might be gliding about; but I was comforted by the thought that they would probably prefer the Japs' bare legs to my covered ones. After tramping for about an hour, crossing ever and anon some crawling stream, we came to an open space on a height overlooking Mianoshta; it was covered with long, coarse, dry grass, evidently of the kind that was being burnt the night before.

The village lay nestling beneath me so cosily in its mantle of green foliage. All around were hills, some snow-clad, but Fusi-yama was not visible. I got out and walked to some hot springs about a quarter of a mile distant. The water was very hot. Hak warned me that a gentleman had put his foot into one of them a short time before, and had been severely scalded.

The verdure immediately surrounding these springs was vividly green, reminding me of

some of our warm springs in this country; just the place for a snipe or woodcock in hard weather.

I journeyed on until the road became very slippery with frozen hail, lying in all the crannies, and I thought it advisable to take again to walking. The views were very lovely as we ascended, winding round peaks and catching different views of the panorama.

At last we reached some sulphur springs, where there were temples and a tea-house. The girls came out to see if we would halt, but we pushed on. Some English sporting dogs rushed out and barked at us; but as soon as they ascertained who we were they became very friendly, and I had great trouble in preventing them following me; they evidently understood my language, and fancied I would take them out.

We had gained our highest point, and began now to descend, passing through a ravine of low brushwood. After threading our way for some time we cut into the main road to Hak-Kone; which we traversed until we reached that spot. I was sorry for the kangha men, for the road, such as it was,

seemed formed of loads of paving stones as large as mammoth swedes, indiscriminately scattered over it.

At last we came to a grand avenue of cryptomerias of great size, and then all of a sudden the lake of Hak-Kone burst on my sight, lying placidly in the foreground. Fusiyama formed the background, with its snow-clad top glistening like a coronet of brilliants in the sun. I could not keep my eyes off it, so absorbing was the power of its grandeur. I felt that the Creator had surpassed all His other works in creating such a majestic picture, and I glorified him in the contemplation of this surpassingly lovely scene. I cannot describe the wonderful beauty of the place. It was, as Miss Bird remarks, "one of those surprises in scenery that make you feel as though you must fall down and worship."

The trees and shrubs growing in wild luxuriance, the blue green of the water, the dappled reflection of the clouds, the forest-clad hills dipping lovingly into the rippling water, and, above all, the gladdening sunshine that seemed to warm one into admira-

tion, all formed a picture far too beautiful ever to be described, ever to be forgotten.

On arriving at Hak-Kone, I went as usual to a native tea-house, situated just on the margin of the lake facing Fusiyama. Sitting in the verandah overlooking the broad expanse of blue water, I was reminded of Como, and became haunted by the recollection of a sweet past. I never remember to have seen such fine effects of light and shade in fresh water; in places it took the beautiful metallic green hue of the Mediterranean.

My reveries were sadly disturbed by Hak and the girls laying out lunch. Here I was promoted to a table and chairs. After my repast I visited a native school, and was much pleased with the happy faces of the little Japs. When, indeed, do they look other than happy?

The master was much pleased at my visit, and paraded his best scholars for me. I gave them on a black-board some simple examples of addition and multiplication in English figures, which some of them did very rapidly. Others made a sad hash of trying

to copy my figures on their slates, putting in lovely flourishes here and there, and I caught one little scamp turning an 0 into the picture of a Japanese doll. I made Hak disgorge every farthing he had in his pockets of copper and brass money, and, after having given some of the most deserving scholars a few coppers, presented the rest in a huge handful to the master to distribute as he thought best.

I became a public character at once, and that evening, as I took my stroll, I got many nods and smiles from children playing in the streets, whilst mammas came out to see the funny foreigner in white canvas shoes, who had given their little ones coppers.

There was no hot spring here, so I had to do with the family tub. I declined it at night, but in the morning was conducted by young ladies, as usual, to an out-house in the centre of which stood a large tub, with a smaller one beside it. The girls had filled the larger one with hot water, and I found I was expected to disport myself in it whilst the girls laved me with more water. In Rome

you must do as Rome does; but I begged Hak to tell them that I could get on without their services. They retired reluctantly, and only under a promise that I would use no soap except in the little tub. I hope I was the first in that water; I know a good many followed, going in parties of two and three. I was much surprised at these customs, but had my journey been commenced at the other end, and my route been reversed, I should have understood these things better, and have become used to them sooner; for at Atami I got quite accustomed to seeing groups of girls bathing in bath-houses opening full on the streets, quite unconscious of any impropriety either to themselves or to others.

The trip to Atami was very lovely; I seemed to be walking for miles up a thickly wooded precipice. I still had the same kangha men, and I was quite sorry for them, but they were as jolly as old King Cole. They never lost a chance of chaffing any passer-by, and, when changing the pole from one shoulder to another, were so polite that it was a pleasure to watch them when

relieving each other; they did so with such sayings as "Your honourable worship must be tired," or, "Let me relieve your worthiness." They soon saw that, I was fond of flowers, and never lost an opportunity of gathering one for me when they saw it. I found the cramped position of the kangha so intolerable that to save tucking my legs under me like a tailor, I got the bearers to cut me a short bamboo, and place it across the front, and this supported my legs as they hung over on each side. The position was evidently novel, and, as I passed through any village, the good people came out to stare at the gentleman wearing white shoes, whose legs hung out on each side of the kangha. The bearers never had a cup of tea without bringing me one first; I never saw them drink saki during the whole journey.

I travelled along the summit of these lovely mountains for some distance; it was like a vast prairie of coarse grass. If this could be eradicated, and a better grass encouraged, there would be splendid sheep-runs here. In going down to Atami the descent was very steep, and the road so narrow that

constantly my suspended feet came in contact with the scarped rock, and once I was a good deal hurt, narrowly escaping a dislocated ankle. The men were very much concerned, and afterwards carefully warned me before turning corners. I walked every day the greater part of the journey; it was very pleasant wending my way through groves of bamboo. I longed to stop every other minute to cut a good walking-stick. As we neared Atami the vegetation was very much more forward; it is supposed to be almost a month in advance of Yokohama; this is accounted for by the sheltered position and numbers of hot springs in the vicinity. The hills were covered with dwarf oak, holly and pines, with a thick undergrowth of ferns, ancuba, honeysuckle, and westeria. I saw several pheasants running across the road. The village of Atami is situated just on the sea shore with a lovely bay in front of it, and is surrounded on the other sides by these magnificent hills. The little valley running behind it reminded me of Buyukdere on the Bosphorus. The chief attractions of the place are a couple of

volcanic springs which throw up volumes of boiling water. They are, I am told, affected by the tide, and only burst forth when it is partially out; then the steam rises in a grand column, and forms a marked object in any picture or photograph; the whole atmosphere is visibly affected by it. The springs are fenced in very strongly with timber, to prevent children and others going too near and being scalded. The water is conveyed to the houses in pipes, generally made of hollow bamboo, and the inhabitants of parts of the village to which the water cannot be conducted frequent public baths. The place reminded me of Wiesbaden. Walking along the streets, I came across numerous baths (I cannot say whether public or private), in which men and women were bathing quite in public. They laughed and joked pleasantly as you passed, but, if you remained looking at them impudently, they would resent it by throwing scalding water at you. They look upon bathing in the public bath just as we regard bathing at sea-side places, and evince a great deal more modesty than I have seen at many watering-places of great repute that

I could name. It is wonderful how we alter our ideas of things as we get used to them. I remember my horror as a boy, going out to India, at seeing the little naked dusky children of both sexes playing on the banks of the Nile, dabbling in the water like little hippopotami, and my feelings at seeing the troops of Indian girls bathing at the Ghauts.

The Japanese ladies are not less inquisitive than the rest of their sex, as I shall have occasion hereafter to mention; but I am here reminded of an anecdote mentioned by Baron Hübner, in his charming "Ramble Round the World." He narrates how, on one occasion, he was left to guard the clothes whilst his friends were disporting in the water, when a troop of laughing girls came down to look on; in vain he tried to stop them, all to no purpose, for they forced him aside, and gratified their curiosity by seeing white men in primitive clothing.

I was taken to the best tea-house here, and I wish most seriously that I had been taken to the worst, The place was full of "progressive" Japs (who ape Western manners very indifferently), and Europeans

living with Japanese girls; and between them they monopolized every thing and every place. As I had some difficulty in getting a bath, I imprudently attempted to take possession of the one nearest to my room, in which I surprised a Japanese lady with two little half-European children. The baths were all too hot for any European, and the bath girls had some trouble in getting one cool enough.

I did not like the place at all, and next morning I contented myself with walking about the streets, seeing the boiling spring, and then returned to have an interview with Hak about departing. I was so disappointed in this place, after Mianoshta, that I was inclined to return that way back; but Hak advised my taking the coast-line to Imotu. I am very glad I did, for I should otherwise have lost a great treat.

There are two routes to this place. I took the lower or coast line. I know of no scenery to surpass that on this route. There may be some on the coast routes along the shores of the Mediterranean that resemble it, but none that I have travelled. At times we were hundreds

of feet above the level of the sea, with such a precipice on one side that it made me giddy to look down; then again on the water's edge, the kangha men had to hop from boulder to boulder of seaweed-covered rock, like chamois-hunters. I mutinied here, and positively declined to be carried. They resented my conduct as a want of confidence in their skill and ability, but to no avail; if they slipped, they might have recovered themselves, but I should have been done for.

I found I could only walk after these fellows on the wet slippery stones with the greatest difficulty, having no nails in my shoes. How they managed in sandals I cannot imagine. Our route at times lay through tea-plantations, orchards, gardens, mulberry groves, and every kind of woodland. In many cases the road was quite littered with camelia blossoms, and reminded me of George Robins' celebrated villa, the only drawbacks to which were the loud singing of the nightingales and the overpowering scent of the rose-leaves.

Near the villages, little toddling boys and girls were staggering under the weight of

camelia-blossom garlands round their necks, woven as children in England weave daisy chains. All the camelias were single, and the bushes reminded me in size of the largest laurel bushes in England. The double camelias were just coming out, and were only to be seen in private gardens.

I lunched at a pretty fishing village, where I was much interested in watching the men making a huge cable of some sort of coarse fibre. I rested at a neat tea-house, close on the water's edge. Here I got rid of my friend, the pheasant. Hak had kept every bone, and it had been presented to me in as many forms as Proteus; it did Hak great credit, but I confess I was tired of my friend.

Whilst sitting, after lunch, contemplating the broad blue expanse of sea, a jinricksha drew up at the door, and out got a gorgeously attired Jap in European costume, patent-leather boots and all. He came up to the same floor as myself. He spoke English admirably, and told me he was on his way from Tokio to Atami for a holiday. He occupied the next room to mine for

lunch, and, hearing a good deal of romping and laughing going on, I got up and looked through the door, and I saw that *civilized* Jap kissing the nesau, who was making a fair but good-tempered resistance. When "he saw I saw," as the song has it, he desisted, and the girl made her escape. I asked him if such things were permitted in "progressive Japan," and he said "yes; but that more went on in the good old days gone by." This young fellow gave me some interesting information.

I started off again, and soon reached the valley that I had seen stretching to my left as I went from Odawarra to Mianoshta; in fact, only the delta of the river separated me from the former place. We went up and then across this valley, using the bunds of the rice-fields as a road.

I found going straight across country in a kangha quite a novelty. It was quite dusk before I arrived at Imotu. The tea-house was very large and pretentious. I took off my shoes and squatted down, waiting until Hak returned with an answer to my request for a room. No one had welcomed me here,

as at the other places. After some delay Hak returned with a man, who wished to know if I required a sitting-room as well as a bedroom. I declined so much civilization, and was then told that they did not care to give me a bedroom only, so in great dudgeon I ordered back the kangha men. This is one of those places, within easy access of Yokohama, that has been spoilt by European visitors; we have done much to ruin the principal watering-places of Europe; but it is a joke to what dollars have done to spoil China and Japan.

I knew I was close to Odawarra, and still nearer to Tonosawa, the place where I had first got into the kangha, and that, if necessary, I could get a jinricksha there and bowl into Odawarra in an hour; so I insisted, much to Hak's disgust, on going off at once. A compromise was offered, which I at once refused, and started off walking. Then Hak followed, and told me there was a good tea-house at Tonosawa, so thither I went. I was sorry for the kangha men, who had already gone, I should say, twenty-five miles.

It was almost dark when I arrived at Tonosawa, and I was very cross and tired. I gave the kangha men an extra present, and sent them off rejoicing.

This tea-house proved the nicest I had been in; it was perched just above a lovely brawling mountain-stream at the narrowest part of a gorge, flanked on either side by high hills, wooded down to the water's edge. The hot spring that was the cause of this place being selected for a tea-house, was on the opposite side of the gorge, but the water was ingeniously conducted across the stream into the bath-house by means of hollow bamboos.

The people were very friendly, and at once set to work to make me comfortable. I think Hak and the kangha men had told them that I had gone from Imotu in anger. The bath-rooms were quite new; indeed some were not yet completed. There were two for women, large enough to hold a couple of people, and two more screened off by bamboo matting for men. Although it was quite late before I got my bath the water was boiling hot.

After settling my things in a room, I was, as usual, conducted by the girls to the bath-room. It was like walking into a boarded room in which were two large square wells, something like those you see in a tanner's yard. The room was filled with steam. Wooden stools and a few pegs completed the furniture. I had partly undressed in my bedroom, and put on my ulster to go down. A sharp little fellow had been very attentive to me in undressing, and I had given him a few coppers. When I got to my bath I dismissed my female attendants, but this little fellow came in once or twice and gazed wonderingly on me. I thought he was a son of the establishment, so took no notice of him; but finding him too pressing in his offers to assist in dressing me I dismissed him; but afterwards, on inquiring of Hak, I found it was not a boy at all, but a girl of some thirteen years old. My want of knowledge of the peculiarity of dress had misled me, and the young lady's innate curiosity had, I presume, been gratified.

I got a tolerable dinner, and at ten o'clock had another bath. Next morning, as I went

to my bath, I found the next compartment full of girls, all bathing, laughing, and talking. I had to pass them on my way to my bath, and they called out "good morning" in Japanese, I noticed that the carpenters were working overhead in the same compartment. I was not the least astonished or shocked, for by this time I had got quite used to their ways, and understood their freedom from constraint and evil-mindedness. I only hope our quasi-civilisation will not spoil these innocent children of nature.

The scenery here was very beautiful, and I liked the place so much that I remained an extra day though I could ill-afford the time. The second evening I had quite a levée in my room to see me do some card tricks and some tricks with string, and, judging from the faces of my audience, they were much pleased and astonished when I showed how one trick was done; each girl immediately accused the others of gross stupidity in not having understood it at once. When I left, the landlady gave me a photograph of her house, which has an honoured place in my collection.

My journey back was very uninteresting,

the scenery seemed so tame after the delightful hills and gorges I had traversed. Everywhere civilisation was cropping up, and what but a few days previous on my outward journey had seemed supremely native, now appeared tinged with European innovation; and when at last, at the outskirts of Yokohama, my jinricksha-men pulled up and asked permission to don the garb of civilisation I felt that my dream was over, and that I had returned to barbarous custom and conventionality.

Cheerily these good fellows carried me through the streets, and in triumph deposited me at the Grand Hotel, but I confess I felt depressed and like a caged bird. I longed for the freedom of the Mianoshta hills and Tonosawa valleys.

That evening, in the smoking-room, I was surrounded by inquiring friends, and had to give my ideas of all I had seen to a listening and appreciative audience. I had many difficulties explained, and many erroneous opinions corrected, and profited much by the greater knowledge of those who had lived long in the country.

Next day I devoted to buying silks at Shoobay's, the great merchant, and to purchasing such other things as I could conveniently carry with me across America. I had not money enough to spare to make it worth while to send a box home by the English mail, so I was obliged to content myself with small light articles. The purchases on which I set the greatest store are what are out there called buttons. They are old ivory curiosities, most grotesquely carved, which in days gone by were extensively used as fastenings to the waist girdle, or to hang a pouch or bag on to. I got some very quaint ones, picking them up here and there. I did not attempt to buy lacquer; the genuine article is very scarce, and my knowledge of the thing was absolutely nil, so I got only an old doctor's medicine-case, which Hak said was genuine. It was a curious instance of neatness and utility. China ware again was out of the question. Strange to say, I saw numerous cases of china from Paris being unpacked, and was told that the articles were to be touched up, and sent back as genuine Japanese articles.

I regretted much not being able to buy some old bronzes, which were quite unique. Two of Wirgmann's sketches were added to my collection, as also a very clever outline of a public bath-house which he gave me as a present.

Mr. Wirgmann is singularly identified with Japan. He knows more about the people than most men, and his sketches are so life-like that a visit to his studio is certain to repay anyone for the trouble. He is the sole originator, contributor, and artist of the "Yokohama Punch," a clever periodical that shows off well the versatility of his talent.

My time, alas, is now drawing to a close: every moment the signal-gun announcing the arrival of the Pacific mail steamer may be fired. My passage has been arranged and portmanteaus packed up, my Japanese attendant giving me great assistance. Hakodadi brings me his photograph and a drinking-cup as a memento. The gun has been fired, and the hotel-keeper has come to assist me in getting my baggage safe through the custom-house. The civil little Japanese

officials make a nominal search, and pass me through without charging a penny for duty. Many friends have come to the water's edge to see me off. Good-bye only remains to be said, and then I am standing alone and disconsolate on board the huge "City of Pekin," looking fondly towards the land of the Rising Sun.

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE "CITY OF PEKIN"—LIBERTY HALL—FOUR O'CLOCK TEA—FIVE THOUSAND MILES OF SEA—REVOLVING SEATS—JAPANESE EMBLEMS—WE MAKE A DAY—THE GOLDEN GATE—"I GUESS I'M FIXED"—SEARCHERS AND CUSTOM-HOUSE DUTIES—THE PALACE HOTEL—MY FIRST STROLL IN AMERICA—THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO—BUFFALO BILL—THEATRES—A NEGRO COMEDIAN—WHAT SURPRISED ME MOST IN AMERICA.

I AM standing on the deck of the largest steamer I have ever travelled in—surrounded by an entirely new world, a world of strangers, a world of fresh faces—I do not think that I have a single fellow-countryman on board. I am taking a last long farewell look of the distant shores of that fascinating land which has awakened so many new sensations, inspired so many new ideas, created so many new friendships—who can tell if they will ever be renewed?

Fusiyama has faded from sight long since, and, with the absence of that wonder of wonders, I feel that the enchantment of the marvellous islands has vanished. I am, therefore, very sad. It seems like what I have, alas! too often had to do, to take an everlasting farewell of some friend whose life is fast ebbing away; of some dear comrade who has been so sorely stricken that each pulsation is draining the life-blood away.

Near me are crates full of lovely camelias in full bloom, that have not yet been placed in safety; they, too, are leaving their dear home, to be, I hope, tenderly cared for in a new continent.

I am full of doubts and fears, and almost wish I had never left home and those who cared for me, to cast in my lot with utter strangers. I look around and see two ladies standing gazing shore-ways. I pass them and see that they are both young and good-looking. They watch me, and presently one comes up and says, "Are you not an English captain?" "I am," I replied. "Well, my companion thought you were, but she was too shy to come up and speak

to you." I have only to move in the direction of the shy one, and then she holds out her hand, and says very softly, "A friend of mine in Yokahama told me I should meet a nice English officer on board, and I was to be sure to speak to him."

This then was the pretty, tall girl I had seen at the photographer's. I inwardly blessed Mr. A——, and told my newly-found friend how glad I was to have some one on board that could feel an interest in me. They proved to be two American girls travelling together to see their friends in California, and they tended more than anything else to make the long journey pleasant.

The "City of Pekin," for so the vessel was named, was an immense floating hotel with every convenience that modern luxury can suggest: hot and cold baths, electric bells, magnificent fittings, gorgeous saloons, and, last, but not least, a staff on board who made it their business to try in every way to meet the wishes of the passengers. There were no notices or cautions stuck all over the ship; it was indeed Liberty Hall, and food

could be had at any hour. It was a mystery to me how it could be done, notwithstanding my many years' experience in other companies; it was, however, thus explained by our skipper: "Sir, people cannot eat more than they can eat, they pay for their full meals, and as we have cooks paid to attend solely to that department, it is no trouble to us to give a basin of soup at odd hours. You will find that in a few days everyone who can, will attend to regular hours for the sake of sociability." Another time he said: "Our object is to make people thoroughly comfortable, and, therefore, we allow every liberty that does not absolutely interfere with the general comfort of the community, and does not hinder the working of the ship." Such rules as were found necessary were stringently enforced. The captain, unlike English captains, went his rounds once, if not twice, every day, and his inspection was most searching; any complaints made then to him were sure to be most thoroughly attended to. A more orderly ship I never was in, and yet the elements composing the crew and passengers

were most heterogeneous, comprising Northerners, Southerners, Chinese, Japanese, French, Germans, Italians, Canadians, and one Englishman (myself). One thing the "City of Pekin" could do to perfection, and that was "roll." She was very empty to begin with, and our passage was very rough, so we had it in fine style. I had a splendid cabin to myself; and one night she rolled so that the heavy portmanteaus were flung about the floor, and a large book which was on the top berth was pitched clean out. I luckily had wedged myself in with the sofa bolsters. At one time the rolling was so bad that I heard a loud scream, and fancying that one of my two pretty friends was in trouble, I thought of going to see if I could be of any assistance, but modesty prevented me. Next morning, when I mentioned my intentions one of them said, "I guess I wish you had come, I would have made you sit by me all night, I was so frightened that I could not speak; it was my friend, not me that screamed, but she was not half so frightened as I was." We seldom dined without fiddles on the table to

keep the plates from dancing off, and one day the cook apologized because he could not cook an elaborate dinner—he gave us an excellent one all the same. I noticed particularly the immense quantity of fancy breads, corn-cakes, &c., at every meal, and the "candy" after dinner; this was a very nice sweetmeat, like what we call lemon-rock, and was done up in a coloured paper with a motto inside. These mottoes of course created great amusement.

We always went in for four o'clock tea, and formed a party consisting of the two girls, myself, and a French general, who had seen much service, and had been three times terribly wounded in the American war. If I was asleep the girls used to come and call me, and our repast was most luxurious. Mary, the stewardess, attended on us, and brought tea, black and green (always in separate teapots), preserved peaches (such delicious Californian ones), or pears, and an assortment of cakes. Our tea was the jolliest part of the day, except perhaps supper. These young ladies had three cabins between them; one they turned into a

private sitting-room, into which they used to invite their special friends, so that at supper we were generally six, for, in addition to those mentioned above, we had an officer of the American Navy, and a Shanghai American merchant. I rather think we two married men were only admitted for the sake of propriety, so as to render allowable the admission of the two bachelors, who were very devoted, so that the ladies were most carefully waited on. Sometimes our good old captain turned in, and we had a yarn. He was such a nice man; his sleeping cabin was on the main deck, but he had a spacious state-room on the spar-deck, into which he admitted all those who he thought would not abuse his kindness. He had a nice library, and many a jolly yarn did we have there. Sometimes the ladies joined us, and we were a very merry party; he was a most excellent officer, and never allowed any romping or horse-play to go on, at the same time permitting a reasonable license.

I met here a most agreeable Canadian missionary, by far the most intelligent and well-educated missionary I have ever come

across. The Americans are, of course, very advanced thinkers, and many of our passengers had a limited respect for sacred writings, but in all controversies this gentleman held his own admirably, and with great tact and good temper. It is a real pleasure to have to record the acquaintance of so well read a man after the very indifferent specimens I had elsewhere met with. I could not help feeling the justness of Lord Northbrook's observation, that missionaries of all men should be not only gentlemen, but highly educated ones. This gentleman had been some years in Japan, and gave me much interesting imformation respecting it.

A word or two here will, I think, not be out of place respecting the voyage, and the huge leviathan which was bearing us to our destination.

This was by far the longest sea-voyage in point of length and distance from the land that I had ever made. By the more northern route which ships bound for America usually take, it is about five thousand miles, and as these seas are not frequented by sailing ships, and the Japan

bound steamers take a southern course, practically one may say a sail is never seen. The idea of being two thousand five hundred miles from any land, with no chance of being picked up in case of accident, is somewhat appalling to a timid mind; but the seamanship is so excellent, and the precautions to prevent accidents so great, that fire only is feared. The number of boats and the provisions stored are ample to meet almost any contingency. As I said before, the captains invariably visit every hole and corner at least once a day. The chief-engineer has a model in his cabin, by which he knows every pulsation of the huge monster below him to the decimal of a throb, and can detect any irregularity instantly. The watchmen are moving about all night, and if by any chance you move from your cabin, a bull's-eye is on you at once. Fire-hoses are always ready, and can be laid on instantly everywhere, and in half a second you could be deluged. The steam-steering apparatus is a perfect gem, a joy to look at; it seemed too marvellous for comprehension that a toy attached to the engine down

below, should regulate the ponderous machinery that guided a monster over five thousand tons burden; yet I saw one of my pretty friends with a touch of her little hand regulate the rudder so as to turn the ship's head in the direction desired. In case of any accident to the engine, the old-fashioned steering apparatus is always available. To give an idea of the practical knowledge of our Captain, I may mention that the night before I landed at San Francisco, I was in the Captain's state-room when he sent for the chief-engineer and said, "We ought to be exactly so many miles from the Golden Gate now, I want you to regulate the speed so that we may make the light at five a.m. to-morrow." The light was signalled at five minutes past five a.m. the following morning; this after running five thousand miles, and being at sea seventeen days, seemed to me a marvel of seamanship and engineering.

I find in my diary such very frequent mention of the roughness of the passage, that it must have been bad. I remember that I detested the American fashion of having separate

seats along the cabin table, like old-fashioned music-stools, revolving on a pivot; it certainly obviated the necessity of passing other occupants in case of having to beat a sudden retreat; but then again, in rough weather, when the ship pitched, you had to keep a steadfast hold with your feet on the ground or you found yourself spinning round most uncomfortably. Several times I found myself suddenly with my back to my plate. I nearly came to compound grief one day. After a terribly wet day and night, many of the ropes were put on the taffrail to dry. I saw one of these quietly sliding off into the sea, owing to the pitching of the ship, and in a fit of laudable anxiety to save the rope, I imprudently caught hold of it to stop it. The end had, however, touched the water, and, as the ship was going thirteen knots an hour, it got way on and ran through my hands, cutting them severely. Like a fool I did not let go, when fortunately an officer saw my distress and came to the rescue. He gave the rope a turn round the lanyon, and so saved it and me. He explained the risk I had run, as, had the rope

got round my leg or arm, it must have been broken, and if more of the rope had got payed out it would probably have carried me overboard. I never meddled with ropes again.

Some Japanese youths who were travelling to America to study, became very friendly, and gave me some curious information respecting their legends; they told me a stork is supposed to live a thousand years, and the tortoise ten thousand. The Scotch fir is emblematic of an unchanging heart, and the bamboo of uprightness of character; hence the introduction of all these so frequently in Japanese drawings and embroidery. The tortoise implies strength, and the world is supposed to rest on one, and whenever it wags its tail there is an earthquake.

On the 6th of March I see that we had a large square sail carried away in a storm, and that we passed an awful night. I remember it was, as the Yankees say, rather rough on us in our berths; but bolsters kept me wedged in.

On the 12th I find this entry: "Having

passed 180 degrees of longitude, we here made two Wednesdays." Oh! how many times have I heard this explained to fellow-passengers, and how few ever understood how it came to pass! One very argumentative Yankee declined to allow that such an arrangement was necessary, and I suppose he still thinks that an extra day has been foisted on him.

I was somewhat persecuted by the wife of a sick gentleman who was returning to his home to die; she was very attentive to him, but a great nuisance to me, on account of the teetotal doctrines she was perpetually forcing down my throat. It is not customary in America to drink at meals; those who require refreshing go to the bar, and take what they want before or after meals; and so, following suit, I never took either wine or beer at table, but invariably had my glass of hot grog before turning in. This custom caused much alarm to my teetotal friend; not only did she regard me in consequence as a lost soul, but she considered I was putting temptation in the way of weaker vessels. In vain

I protested that I was strictly sober myself, and that it was hard I could not take a glass in moderation because others were sots. At last she exasperated me to that degree that I told her she had no right to wear feathers in her bonnet because it made other females envious, and might lead to love of dress and vanity. She let me alone after that.

I note that one day we did three hundred and seventeen knots in the twenty-four hours, not bad travelling. As we neared the great continent, the purser handed to each a notice relating to custom-house duties, and a form of declaration respecting our baggage. I think it decidedly unfair to make passengers disclose on honour what exciseable goods they have, and then overhaul all their boxes; if they do not intend to take a man's word, why ask it? I was told that the custom-house officers and *employés* were so venal that Government could not trust them, and that these exhibits are in reality a Government check on their own servants. There was great consternation and no little trepidation about filling in these; for my

own part, I filled in nothing, but simply declared that I was an English officer travelling through America, and that all my baggage was my own property, and contained nothing that was to be sold or otherwise disposed of in America. I was, I own, a little anxious, for if I had to pay according to their scale on all my Japanese goods, it would have amounted to a good round sum, and as I could not get any more money without considerable difficulty and great loss, I was afraid of running short. The scale, I think, was sixty per cent on silks, and twenty-five on ivories, &c. All persons with whom I discussed the custom dues, disliked the system, but considered it necessary in order to clear the country of the debt incurred by the war; when that is paid, they said, we will say good-bye to protection. The question really is, whether such a course is not "penny wise and pound foolish."

Numerous and amusing were the yarns told of eluding the excise-officers; how kegs were thrown overboard with buoys attached, and then picked up by friendly boats; of bottles full of opium pitched into the sea for

confederates to rescue. On one occasion, the captain told me, all the looking-glasses in the cabins were unscrewed, and a large quantity of opium found concealed behind them. Opium seems to be the chief article smuggled.

Each officer is searched every day on landing, excepting the captain, chief-engineer, and purser, who are put on their honour. I heard fabulous tales of ladies being searched in a most minute manner, and that a wicked young fellow had once disguised himself, and got a situation as female searcher; he had a good time of it, as the Yankees say, until found out. This story the authorities deny, and say it is a pure invention on the part of female passengers to try and get off much of the strictness of the investigation they have hitherto undergone. I know I saw a lovely diamond cross, worth a heap of money, round a lady's neck, the morning we landed, in happy concealment, that might otherwise have had to pay duty; and then the dear things did put on such a lot of good clothes and furs before they went ashore. I may

mention that wearing apparel is most heavily taxed.

My friend the General was very indignant at the idea of being made to pay any duty on his own property. The merchant told me that he was once taking a dress as a present to a lady, and did not know the cost price; they charged him, as he found out afterwards, more than the dress was worth. I had, in consequence, taken the precaution of bringing the bills of all my purchases. At eight a.m. I was on deck, looking over a most lovely glassy green sea at the long wished-for coast of California. It is by no means picturesque, but nevertheless interesting; the rocks outside the Cliff House, on which the sea-lions are so carefully preserved, were pointed out to me.

After entering the Golden Gate, the water widens out, and assumes the appearance of an inland sea. The sides of the sloping hills seemed very brown and scorched up, although it was still winter, and they told me that rattlesnakes abound in the high grass; this alone was enough to make me avoid a long residence in these parts.

We passed a fort of very obsolete construction, and on the right the original monastery occupied by the Franciscan monks. Opposite the fort we were boarded by a swarm of custom-house officials and health officers; their boats were moored alongside, and in them sat grim Yankees, watching that nothing was heaved overboard; while their officers placed themselves at various points of the ship, and seemed to scan everyone most searchingly.

At last the town came in sight; it is built on a series of hills, and, like most other towns, provokes surprise that it should ever have been built on that particular spot. We cast anchor a little away from the shore, and a steamer came to take us off. This steamer contained a host of railway and hotel touts, who were very obtrusive, each presenting you with his private and official card, and a bundle of printed matter connected with his line or hotel. I was quite wearied with their importunities, and of being told that all the English lords, &c., had patronised their house. At last I heard a Yankee fellow-passenger say to one of them, "I

guess I'm fixed," rather sharply, in answer to his appeal ; this gave me the cue. I told everyone, I guessed I was fixed, and they instantly let me alone.

Two searchers now stood at the gangway, before letting us go down. When we arrived in the tug alongside the jetty, we were seized on by a searcher, and taken into a large building to claim our baggage. A crowd of idlers stood by to see the fun. I waited till my turn came, and gave my keys to an underling, who undid the straps, and unlocked the portmanteaus. The search then commenced. There was nothing in the first, save my clothes, and although the very pleats of the shirts were examined, yet, nothing whatever was found in them. Then they came to number two, and a large photographic album excited suspicion, but was passed; when, alas ! a dig down discovered a box. "Hulloa !" said the searcher, "what does this contain ?" "Silks," I replied. "We must have it out." I mildly suggested, "They are my own private property." Official: "We can't help that; send for an inspector." The crowd

narrowed round us, and joy was depicted on every face, as much as to say, "Here's a lark, a cove caught smuggling; oh! how clever our searchers are! Won't he catch it?"

In the meantime I felt for my Yokohama bills, and my through-tickets, and mentally calculated how much I should be mulcted. All this time the box was being opened, and lovely cushions, and embroidered scarves, were being laid bare to the admiring crowd. An aged official, with a lot of embroidered stars on his collar and cuffs, came up and looked at me piercingly through his spectacles. "What is this?" he says. A searcher tells him that he has found "*all*" (laying a beastly stress on the word) "this silk," pointing to it, "in this gentleman's portmanteau," indifferently indicating me. I, in mild and trembling accents, say, "I do not think these silks are exciseable; I am an English officer travelling direct to Liverpool, and these few silks are my own, and I give you my word that nothing will be given away or sold in this country." I then handed him my through-ticket; he glanced at it, scrutinized me again, and finally said

that "no duty need be charged." I breathed freely again, and felt no little relief, for I should not have liked to pay the money at any time, but to have paid it then would have been a more serious matter, with fifteen thousand miles of unknown country before me, and a difficulty in drawing any more money. Then that crowd, who only a moment before had looked jeeringly at me, changed their manner, and looked scornfully at the searchers, as much as to say, "See what comes of distrusting this gentleman, this innocent stranger, you harpies! trying to stick him, you deserve to be garotted the whole lot of you," and I was at once a hero and a martyr. Seeing that their chief had passed over their great find, the underlings did not prosecute any further search, but contented themselves with tumbling over the rest; and then, re-adjusting the things as best they might, they locked the boxes up, put the usual cabalistic chalk mark on them, and I was free.

I had now time to go and see how it fared with my fellow-passengers. The two ladies were standing repacking their huge boxes,

and the younger, in answer to my query, told me that she had had "a good time of it." This seemed a curious expression, but it is one very commonly used in the States.

I next went to my friend the United States naval officer. He was placidly watching the overhauling of his goods. Presently out came a neatly-wrapped up parcel. "What does this contain?" "Ivories, I think," was the reply. The outer cover was opened, and inside was a label with the address of a lady. "This then is not your own?" remarked the searcher. "I guess I had it given me to deliver to the party named," answered the other. It was then ruthlessly opened and a number of carved ivory combs, brush-handles, &c., discovered.

After a little time another parcel came to light, and again the question was asked, "What is this?" "I cannot say; it is something for some one whom I do not know." Then the crowd closed in again, anticipating sport, and the same officer was sent for. This parcel contained silks, but, amongst other things, a pretty little

purse, out of which dropped a paper on which something was written, to the effect that it was "for dear Lottie, with Harry's love and a kiss." Jeers from the crowd. The end of it was that the inspector rebuked the young naval officer for bringing articles for other people, and charged him the full amount of duty, which was about twenty dollars, or five pounds. It was a great offence trying to bring articles duty-free for others; had the things been his own he would not have been fined a penny.

The custom-house officers did their duty most thoroughly and most respectfully; the only mistake is allowing a crowd to assemble. My advice is, never try to smuggle anything into America, but disclose whatever you have at once, and they will deal liberally with you.

I now started in a trap with several others, and we were driven to the Palace Hotel. I had been prepared for great magnificence in the hotels of this wonderful country; but my loftiest flights of imagination never soared to such splendour. A few details may be interesting.

The Palace Hotel is a magnificent square mass of buildings, six stories high, and of a somewhat florid style of architecture, with this peculiarity, that all the outer windows of the whole six stories are somewhat "bayed," thus giving the advantage of a view up and down the street, and presenting a more pleasing general aspect than would be afforded by a huge block of plain masonry. There are one thousand one hundred and fifty rooms in this enormous caravanserai. The inner courtyard is covered in with glass, and has a fountain in the middle, surrounded by tree-ferns, orange and lemon trees, and other sub-tropical plants. In this really large palm-house, a band plays so many times a week; it is lighted by two electric lights, and so perfect was the illumination that I saw a photograph taken by means of it.

In this courtyard an immense circular space, covered with india-rubber, admits of carriages coming in and setting down without the slightest noise. Galleries rising tier on tier surround it; the pillars and balustrades are painted a creamy

white, which gives them the appearance of soft marble. Two passenger-lifts, or "elevators" as they call them out there, work night and day. There are plenty of staircases if required, but no one dreams of using them. Other elevators convey fuel, luggage, &c. The men who work these get to know you immediately; that is to say, they never know your name, but, after the first day, they know the flat to which you belong, and the number of your room. My room was No. 864, and I was not a little surprised, the second day, when I was startled out of a brown study by the lift stopping, and hearing the man say "No. 864, your flat, sir," and out I popped.

As soon as my baggage had been put down from the omnibus, I went to the "office," as it is called, and asked for a room. I did not much care for the first they showed me, as it was rather dark, looking into the courtyard. I therefore went down and expostulated, and was told that any room facing the street would be a dollar extra. This I did not mind; so I got a lovely bedroom with a bay-

window overlooking Montgomery Street; it had a lavatory, bath-room, hot and cold water laid on, and other small private conveniences, all for one pound a day, including board, of which I will speak hereafter. The furniture of my room was sumptuous; the bay-window had a lounge, sofa, and writing-table in it. I do not think a finer suite exists in any London hotel, and I am quite sure no one could wish for a better, as it was what the Yankees call "elegant."

Having arranged my things, I sallied down to lunch. The dining saloon was splendid, and would accommodate three hundred guests; another, I found, would hold six hundred. Tables of various size were laid out for the accommodation of from four to six persons; the menu was liberal, and the viands excellent, and well cooked. We were waited on by coloured men (never call them blacks); these were marched in forty at a time, and were relieved just like sentries, each man standing in the passage opposite his own table, and joining in rear of the relief, as soon as a successor had stepped into his place. This was all done

withour any noise or confusion. A dozen superintendents moved about, each looking after a certain number of tables.

After lunch I went for my first stroll in America; a simple expression, but what volumes it implies! Fancy a first stroll in the greatest and most wonderful continent in the world. My earliest sensation was one of surprise that everything should be so utterty different from what I had anticipated, yet my astonishment was of a different kind from that I felt in Japan. Of that couutry I had formed no definite idea, and all was so totally unlike my dreams that these dreams themselves were instantly obliterated. Here much was different, but the difference reminded me of something else, and so the change was not startling.

The houses of wood, in their irregularity of height and build, rather disappointed me. The extreme steepness of the streets, with the endless tramways, excited my surprise; but most of all the network of telegraphic wires, which, in places, almost seemed to darken the streets. This system I understand is, in a great measure, adopted as a

precaution against fire. The shops in one or two streets were fairly good; but everything was very dear. The paving of the streets was awful. I tried to guage one hole with my stick, but failed to sound the bottom, and in many of the ruts you could have buried a decent-sized man.

There were at least six first-class hotels, besides the Palace; the Baldwin and the Grand were, I think, the two best. During the week I remained, the weather was certainly most unpleasant; the whole time it either rained slightly, or was damp and foggy. I had heard so much of the beautiful climate of California that I was greatly disappointed. A week, it is true, was not a very long time to judge by, but that week fully corresponded with the description of the weather given to me by many other persons, who had had a longer experience.

After dinner I went to the Baldwin Theatre, and saw "Oliver Twist;" it was fairly put on the stage, but I was not in any way struck by the performance, although this was the best theatre. A noted character was "starring" it at another

theatre; he was called "Buffalo Bill," and his part was very American, full of moving accidents by flood and field. The hair-breadth escapes of Buffalo Bill from Indians, bears, bowie-knives, &c., would have made anything but a wig stand on end. This gentleman was a Senator, and prefixed Honourable to his name. His real life, I understood, was far more interesting and romantic than the portions placed on the stage, and if ever published would be worth reading. I met him casually one day at the Cliff House Hotel; he was I think the finest and handsomest man I had ever seen, with long dark hair hanging over his shoulders, and beautiful eyes; his manner was particularly gentle, and his voice very soft.

I may as well mention here all my theatrical experiences, and get rid of them. I went one night to the Standard Theatre, and saw two pieces, one called, I think, "The Bathers," and the other the "Can-can." The names are sufficient to suggest what might be made of such subjects, and I have simply entered them as "spicy," in my notes. No ladies ever go to these low-class

theatres, the whole house was filled with men. I did see female forms behind the drapery of the stage-boxes, but they kept their faces in strict concealment. I sat next the orchestra, beside the "cello" player, and conversed with him during off moments. He, finding that I was a brother "cello-player," let me in by the orchestra doors, behind the scenes, and I mixed with a motley group of gymnasts, bathers, and coryphées. I had no idea that the two last could look so ugly and bold. The exhaustion of some of the acrobats distressed me. I never before realized how hardly they earn their applause and scanty pittance, and certainly it was a sad display. Who can tell what real, sad, stern necessity moved those poor women to come there, night after night, to exhibit themselves, and make coarse jokes? Some of the conundrums propounded in this very diversified entertainment were absolutely blasphemous; yet they were well received. A few nights later, I went to another theatre, having a different programme; but I found that the two chief pieces were the same as those at the

Standard, only still more broadly treated. It seems that, when one theatre introduces an equivocal piece which draws, the rival theatre brings it out under a different name, with grosser incidents. I recalled the Japanese exhibitions, and thought them immensely more decent. The singing was vulgar, aud the *poses plastiques* would not have been tolerated for a single night even in London. The only excuse, if any there be, that can be urged for all this is, that the population of San Francisco is for the most part male, and that the softening influence of woman is almost entirely absent.

The morals of San Francisco are not worse, as far as I could see, than those of towns in any other part of the world; indeed, their streets at night might be a pattern to London. The most interesting exhibition I attended took place on a Sunday, at Bush Street Theatre. The piece was enacted entirely by a coloured troupe, was described as serio-comic, and entitled "Out of Bondage." Having a *serio*-comic tendency it was acted on Sundays as well as other

days. I think in this company there was the best comic actor I ever saw, and I can go back as far as Wright and Paul Bedford. I much regret being unable to remember his name, for no one who may have the opportunity should miss seeing him. The house was well filled with males and females, including a large proportion of coloured people, who thoroughly appreciated the fun that was being made of their fellow-men and women. I sat next my friend of the United States Navy before mentioned, and as he had been, as he said, "raised down South," he was a good judge, and told me the scenes were life-like. In one scene the old father is conducting family prayers, standing with his hymn-book in front, with Aunt Dinah and the elder ones. The comic man and the girls, in the meantime, being behind his back, make fun of him, and whilst singing the hymn they all clap their hands to keep time, rolling their eyes about in a very *serio-comic* way, the refrain to each verse being—

"Oh! keep your lamps a burning
Jesus coming berry soon."

The "oh!" was a caution, something between

a groan and a yell; and the comic man opened his mouth till he reminded me of the toy Russian, who does so to swallow the rats; it was irresistibly absurd, and I nearly choked trying to restrain my laughter. Many there seemed to see no joke at all, not even when the old man, turning round, discovered the bits of paper stuck on his back by the young ones during the performance of his devotions. The second part of the play tried to show how the "Nigger" had been improved by emancipation. I think, however, the comic man found this part very dull, as it was mere acting, whilst the first was spontaneous.

I may as well here answer the question that everyone puts to me, viz.: "What struck you most in all America?" Now I know how fond the Americans are of hearing their great and beautiful country praised, so that I ought to say something pretty about it, or about their *magnum opus*, the Pacific railway. To my European interrogators I should have replied, "Niagara, the Sierra Nevada," &c., but the truth is that what astonished me most was that *I never*

saw a drunken man in all America. Here was indeed a surprise, after reading and hearing so much of bowie-knives, revolvers, and coming across parties who would shoot you at sight, and gouge you if you did not drink—well! the reality was that I never saw a drunken man, never witnessed a street row. I saw only two policemen in San Francisco, and, indeed, they were very seldom visible. I went to all the theatres, and always, of course, came out late; I invariably went into some saloon for a "refresher," and very often did not get to the Palace Hotel until the small hours; I went through the Chinese quarter, that *so-called* sink of murder, rape, and iniquity, but saw nothing worse than "celestial Johnnie smoking his pipe." It is true I was invited to go into one or two houses by signs, but I do not take great credit to myself for declining to do so. Was I unusually fortunate in my rambles, or do people love to imagine and exaggerate danger? I have determined to enact "Truthful James" for once in my life, and only record things that really did occur.

CHAPTER V.

THE '49 MEN—TRAM-CARS AND THEIR ARRANGEMENTS—THE EXCHANGE—AMERICAN DRINKS—WOODWARD'S GARDENS—SEA-LIONS—THE CLIFF HOUSE—VARIOUS KINDS OF IRIS—CHINESE CHEAP LABOUR—THE NEGRO QUESTION—THEIR VANITY—FIRST RATE PHOTOGRAPHS—HOTEL LIFE—UNPLEASANT BOOKS—WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

SOME of the public buildings at San Francisco are so fine that I was constantly led to ask myself how such a city could have sprung up since 1849, and to wonder still more how it was that the whole generation of those who originated this wonderful place had vanished; and that out of a population of three hundred thousand only a few of the "forty-niners," as they are called, remain. Those few are held in great veneration.

Almost the whole of the traffic of the city is done by horse-trams, but where the hills

are very steep the cars are wound up by machinery with stationary engines; this system was a novelty to me. There are no conductors to many of the lines, but you are informed by a notice of the amount of the fare, and requested to put it into the money-box, just under the place where the coachman sits. As I did not understand the smaller coinage, it was at first difficult to know what to put in, especially as a "dime," though larger in size, is of less value than a "bit" (another small silver coin); and I daresay I often defrauded the company or myself in this matter.

One day, shortly after my arrival, I was riding in the tram-car when a young lady came in, and after taking her seat handed me a bit of card. I took it with my best bow, but could not conceive her meaning. My look of utter stupidity was noticed by a gentleman, who said, "The lady wants you to put it into the box for her." I did so, and then saw it was half a return ticket; I apologized for my ignorance, and mentioned that I was a complete stranger. These good people, instead of laughing at me for

being such a "griffin," as they say in India, immediately pointed out everything of interest that we passed, and gave me much information. I do feel ashamed of myself when I think of the narrow insular estimate I had formed of these people, and how completely my brain-fancies were shattered by a more intimate acquaintance with them.

On another occasion, in New York, a lady handed me a dollar; I was completely nonplussed, but a gentleman politely came to my rescue and explained that she merely wanted change. I then observed a notice stating that the driver was bound to give passengers change up to two dollars. The gentleman simply pulled a string attached to an alarum, then dropped the dollar into the box, and a paper parcel was handed to him through a trap-door. He opened the parcel, counted the change, saw it was correct, put the right fare into the money-box, and handed the remainder to the lady with a polite bow.

It seems that before starting every driver is supplied with so many dollars' worth of

change, neatly done up in packages; and thus he is enabled to supply the requirements of the passengers. The money-box is lined with looking-glass, so that he can see what is put in, and soon ascertains whether he is carrying more passengers than have paid their fare. It is an ingenious and economical plan, especially where labour is so dear. No lady ever dreams of troubling herself about putting in her fare; the men are so polite that there is no necessity for her doing so. This deference towards the fair sex is carried to an amazing pitch in America, and is sometimes rather overdone. I have seen a chit of a girl make an infirm old man stand through a whole journey without any compunction. I, of course, always took good care to give my seat to a lady in any public conveyance, and in going up in the elevators at the hotels, if any lady was present, I stood uncovered, as all the other gentlemen did.

But to return to San Francisco. I went to see the Exchange—a fine building, but such a bear-garden! To see the stock-jobbers rushing at each other, shouting,

screaming, shaking their fists and gesticulating, you would think that a free fight must come off. Kilkenny racecourse during a faction fight would be a joke to it; and all the time there was the president, sitting as placidly as possible, taking notes of all that was going on, and every now and then repeating the last quotation; it was certainly a queer sight.

People live here by speculating on the rise and fall in the shares of the numerous mines that abound in this district. At present nearly every San Franciscan is either a "bull" or a "bear;" but this will soon wear away, and California will cease to live on quartz and nuggets, and take to developing the natural productions of her fertile district.

I mentioned that the shops were good; the greater number are held by money-changers. The jewellers' shops are decidedly the best, and I was interested in the quaint formations in quartz that had been turned into scarf-pins, lockets, charms, &c. Many reminded me of Gilead P. Beck's "blessed *inseck*," the "Golden Butterfly;" they were all fabu-

lously dear, so I did not purchase any.

The saloons, or refreshment bars, as we should call them, are a queer institution, dating from the old days of '49, when a square meal was a rare luxury. As a rule, twenty cents is the price of a drink of any description, and the payment of that sum entitles you, in addition, to go to the side-table and help yourself to as much cold meat and bread as you can eat. I did not at first understand this, but it was explained to me by some fellow-passengers; and after the theatre I often went into a well-lighted saloon next door, and, having partaken of a cocktail or gum-tickler, was invited to "take a pick at the sideboard," on which stood excellent beef, ham, tongue, prawns, crab, and lobster, with nice white bread. I found that a similar saloon existed at the Palace Hotel, but removed from the more private part of the building, with a buffet at which, night or day, for twenty-five cents, you could get a drink and a meal. Of course meat, fish, &c., were extraordinarily cheap in this place; but I was confirmed in my idea that the liquors are uncommonly

weak, or they could not do it at the money. The last American drink was called "Samson with his hair on," because it was so strong, it *would knock any man down.* The way in which they manipulated these drinks was very amusing, and the sedate manner of the officiating deity was quaint. Their drinks are very nice, except the milk and soda, which, to my mind, is disagreeable.

The Italian Consul at Japan, a nice gentlemanly little man, came to the same hotel as myself, for the sake of companionship; and one day he asked his brother Consul to dine, and introduced him to me, which led to an invitation to lunch at his pretty little house at Oakland, on the other side of the river, or rather I should say bay.

I went another day to Woodward's Gardens—a small piece of land into which had been crammed every imaginable kind of structure, in the fashion of the old Coliseum near Regent's Park. There were artificial lakes, grottoes, fountains, stuffed animals, a museum, circus, conservatory, dining-saloons,

and a menagerie, all so close to each other that they jostled in a perplexing manner. A huge statue of Washington took up no small amount of space. In any other town it would have been ridiculous, but here there is such an absence of verdure that the sight of these few trees and flowers was refreshing. This place is a great resort of the *beau-monde* on Saturdays.

I drove across the park, a large tract of land at present resembling a mass of sand-hills, but which, as it has been well laid out and planted, will in time be very beautiful. The landscape, and the view from it over the Pacific, is extremely fine. Of course I went to the Cliff House, a restaurant just at the entrance to the Golden Gate. The house is perched on the edge of the bold cliffs that beat back the long rolling waves of the mighty Pacific, and opposite are the rocks on which the sea-lions disport themselves. A long verandah runs the whole length of the house, in which small tables are arranged, where you sit and drink and watch these playful monsters going through their antics, the

principal manœuvre apparently being to push each other off flop into the sea, and take possession of the vacant place; they were quite visible to the naked eye, and with a glass very distinct. They make a low moaning kind of roar, which blends well with the dashing of the surf against the rocks. There was nothing, however, to my mind to equal the contemplation of that awful ocean, and the feeling that you were looking over an unbroken stretch of five thousand miles; it gave me a hazy idea of infinity, a sense of eternity. In every direction it looked smooth and unbroken, but then, as though to dispel any erroneous ideas you might entertain of its impotency, it sent in long surging rollers that came beating against the rocks with a noise like thunder. This scene, the mighty torrent at Niagara, and the view of Fusiyama from Hakhone, impressed me greatly with the majesty, power, and beauty of creation.

We had driven in a very nice open carriage to this charming spot, a distance, I think, of six miles, and in returning passed the reservoir which supplies San Francisco

with water. The numerous wind-mills which disfigure the landscape are a necessity for drawing up water to heights that pipes could not convey it to. Travelling by this route, I had an opportunity of collecting many wild flowers, most notably, several kinds of iris.

The San Franciscans are fond of flowers, and bouquets are largely sold in the streets, but floriculture is as yet in its infancy. The few fine houses (and they are very fine) are surrounded by healthy shrubs, but glass, to any extent, is as yet unknown. Scarcity of water seems the drawback to anything like extensive nursery gardens. I met some of my old chums of the "Oceanic" on my return, and they seemed genuinely glad to see me. How nice it is in a distant land to meet some one whom you have known elsewhere, if only casually!

No one can even approach San Francisco, much less visit it, without having the Chinese question thrust upon him. It is a burning question, and I confess interested me much. On one hand John Chinaman is all that is bad and useless, but on the other he is a

real necessity; he helped to create San Francisco, and made their Pacific Railway for them. I talked after my fashion to nearly every class of persons I met on the subject. The result seems to be that all the tradesmen dread being driven out of the field by Chinese cheap labour, as John does for one dollar what no white man will do for three; hence the whites are completely deprived of employment. I asked, "But why will not any white man do the work for the same pay?" "Because he cannot live on one dollar a day," is the answer. "But if the Chinaman does you a fair dollar's worth of work, why not employ him? I find it pays me to give any man a fair day's pay if I can gain even a penny by his labour." "That is all very well," they say; "but they will eventually drive us out; Europeans will be unable to remain and compete with them." I asked, "Suppose the Chinamen were to go bodily to-morrow, where would you be? San Francisco would be ruined!" I never got any other answer than that they were already driving the Europeans out alto-

gether. These opinions were expressed with more or less warmth, according to the temperament of the speaker. In vain I asked, "Why employ them at all? if you cease to do so they will soon leave, and seek employment elsewhere."

The fact is, the Chinaman is a real necessity, which they do not care to own; he does hard and menial work that his white brother does not care to put his hand to. When I got up early in the morning I found John Chinamen busy scrubbing the floors, or washing the verandah. Outside again, he was sawing firewood, unloading or loading ships. He does all the washing for this empire city; he is a good house-servant, a most excellent drudge, who does all the hard work. How then can they do without him?

I went over that so-called den of iniquity, his quarter of the town, where, according to reports given to me over and over again by those who should be acquainted with his habits, I should find such filth and witness such sights as would fill me with horror. I find by my notes that it was very crowded,

but neat and orderly. I do not like the Chinese, as a rule, and many vices are imputed to them which cannot find a place here; they are heartless and selfish, and never forget their own fancied superiority to all mankind, though they make this subservient to their money-loving proclivities. Nevertheless, I cannot say that here I found them as black as they are painted, and I was sorry to see the town placarded with inflammatory notices, to the effect that a minister of the Gospel would address the citizens on the Chinese question, showing them up "in all the hideousness of their disgusting life." Our missionaries at Shanghai and Canton tell these people that all men are brothers, and come equally within the pale of mercy from that "Great One who is no respecter of persons." They land at San Francisco, and hear another preacher say, "Drive them from the midst of you, lest you partake of their uncleanness, and meet the fate of Sodom and Gomorrha; they are not men, but beasts!"

One thing struck me, and that was, that the Chinese are not good citizens, inasmuch as they make no abiding city anywhere. Their

hearts are in the Celestial Empire, as their bodies must also be there sooner or later; they therefore love no place, except as a temporary shelter.

Above all the Chinese sin in that they take no interest or part in American politics; they do not care who gets the votes, Republican or Democrat, nor can they be induced to join any party. If they did, they would find heaps of admirers in Congress, and the Chinaman would be embraced by the party to whom his vote was of importance. They are at present decidedly persecuted; their evidence is not accepted in a court of law; and, socially, they are treated much as the Jews were in the thirteenth century. If perfect security for life and property could be guaranteed, perhaps more Chinese women would come over; then they might be induced to settle, and spend more money. This same Chinese question is likely to give trouble sooner or later to our Transatlantic cousins.

I must now say a word about the "blacks." This is also a troublesome question. I do not for an instant desire to

condemn emancipation; but I think that for some time to come it will prove a doubtful blessing to the blacks themselves. They have not at present got rid of the tinsel that surrounded their freedom; the right to vote, and many other trumpery privileges, are still covered with sugar, and taste sweet; but I think they are so inherently lazy that they will soon be a burden to the State and to themselves.

The Palace Hotel waiters were all coloured, and I am bound to say a lazier or more self-sufficient lot I never met with. If a knife, fork, and spoon grew together on the same branch, they would not take all three at a time, but dawdle about and make three trips. Whenever a lady, especially if she were young, came into the room, they would one and all begin to adjust their white ties, throw themselves into attitudes, and put on an ogle. I usually dined with three other fellow-travellers, all Americans, and it used to be the amusement of the meal to watch these insufferably conceited fellows. The superintendents, when European, were a useful lot; but when coloured were, if

possible, more vain than the waiters; flitting from table to table wherever a girl was seated, making eyes and acting the Romeo. I must say they were treated with the utmost indifference by the fair sex. One waiter was so splendidly lazy that I called a superintendent, and told him I was a doctor; and that if by any chance the waiter in question made himself ill by overwork, if he would apply to me, I would suggest a remedy. The fellow seemed to smell a joke, but was very stolid about it. On another occasion, a Yankee friend called one of the superintendents, and thus addressed him, "If you have anyone in the room who can do anything under half-an-hour, I should be glad to interview that man." I must in these criticisms make an exception in favour of the waiters in the Pullman cars, who certainly did a fair amount of work, and I hope were well paid; but, as a rule, the race seems born to do nothing. The conceit of the men is only equalled by that of the women. Nurses in the hotel were always ready for a little flirtation, and made eyes in a charming manner; whilst in New York, if you only let

a coloured girl see that you were noticing her, in a moment she was all alive with coyness and confusion. Do these people increase and multiply, and if so what is their future to be? Is it to be one of tolerated laziness, or one of useful industry?

I must not leave this part of my journey without a word on that for which this place bears a world-wide renown; I allude to photography. The first morning after my arrival, when I got up to take in my boots, I found outside my door two envelopes addressed to me, each containing a cabinet photograph of some evidently well-known actress, and a card requesting me to visit the studio of the sender. As I had already collected a large assortment of photographic views on my travels, I now determined to add to it a collection of portraits as specimens of the art in the States. I called at several studios to make purchases, and at each place a lovely specimen of art was gratuitously given, in addition to what I bought. I think, as I have before said, that the San Francisco portraits rank first in my collection. The photographers themselves were

highly intellectual men, and I owe much to Mr. Tabor and Mr. Boyd, for many pleasant moments spent in their studios. The former took the trouble to send after me to New York a duplicate of a work of art that I had much admired in his collection.

I do not think that it will be out of place here to give my idea of hotel life in America, after the experience I gained at Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. Hotel life is splendidly luxurious; we have nothing to equal it. The suites of rooms are princely, and the conveniences attached almost too complete. The *cuisine* is admirable; in fact, the whole thing reminds me of club-life in an Indian capital. I think such a life unwholesome for ladies and children, but there is no remedy for it, until husbands shall have made sufficient fortunes to build good private houses, and more especially to keep up an establishment of their own, as servants are the bane of the States, and really, even if a man's income is equal to maintaining an establishment, the cares of house-keeping are so great, and the duties so irksome, in consequence of the

scarcity of servants, that it is no wonder ladies prefer the ease, luxury, and freedom of hotel life. Women in all parts of the world are what the men make them, whether it be beasts of burden or languid coquettes. In America husbands are fond of parading their wives, and hotel life encourages this; it gives them *éclat.* If Mrs. Broadstreet comes to each meal at the saloon in a different dress, it argues that Broadstreet is a "warm" man, doing a good business, or how could he pay his wife's milliner's bill? Again, if Mrs. Fifth-Avenue, who locates in the Windsor, is pretty and admired, does it not give Avenue the *entrée* into no end of swell houses, and bring him in contact with money, some of which *may* stick to his fingers? The women are forced into public at all times, and their husbands encourage their little artifices to gain attention and attract admiration. I think, also, that they certainly do lay themselves out for it, and the way they dress their hair is simply amusing; they all seem to have just come out of a barber's hands. The little girls affect attitudes, and court admiration in

the same way as their elders, and are quite miniature flirts. Childhood seems unknown; I only found one little fellow who would play with me in all that great Continent. Doubtless the little girls are forbidden to play with or speak to strangers. I never heard anything worse than flirtations attributed to these in-dwellers of hotels, notwithstanding the immense temptations and opportunities arising out of such a system, and the proprietors seemed very careful of the reputation of their houses.

All the American women I conversed with were of more than average education, and could talk well and sensibly on all subjects, but especially the English classics. They are advanced in their ideas, and to casual observers often too free; but one must remember that in these parts, where there are no ladies-maids or footmen to accompany young ladies on their railway and shopping expeditions, girls and married women must be their own protectors; and hence it may be, and doubtless is, desirable to caution them respecting the wickedness of the world, and the trials and temptations which may befall

them, whilst in England we should leave such matters a profound secret. Thus American girls often possess an amount of worldly wisdom that would shock an English matron. On the other hand, I think the bearing of American men towards women, probably for this very reason, is much more deferential than it is in England. I do not think the poor shop-girl or the waitress at a refreshment-bar is ever subjected to the impertinence I have seen shown to them in England.

Whilst on the subject of the manners and customs of our cousins, I will here mention one blot that I consider requires sharp treatment; it is the flood of indecent literature (I can call it by no other name) that is disseminated broadcast among both sexes. Books and pamphlets were given to me by the gentle sex in hotels and in the cars that too closely resembled the book that brought Mrs. Besant so prominently before the public. Indeed, hers is little better than a reprint of one given to me. I have already said that I think a certain worldly education is advisable for young girls in a country

where they must rely entirely on themselves, but that is no reason why their fellow-countrywomen should enter into all sorts of details that cannot be edifying. Every woman who takes even an initiatory degree in medicine, or acquires the first rudiments of human anatomy, immediately rushes into print to instruct her sisters in matters that can be learnt quite early enough in the experience of a married life; while you see nothing of this in New Zealand, where women are thrown quite as much on their own resources as in America. It is, I admit, quite the province of women to write on female hygiene, and the dress of girls is a very proper subject for them to deal with; but I cannot allow that in doing so it is necessary to discuss the details with total strangers in railway-cars, or to circulate books in which wood-cuts of combination garments figure largely. I think at least half-a-dozen undesirable books were given or lent to me on my travels, and I was asked in the same breath to advocate the higher education of women and bloomer costumes.

I quite approve of the higher education of

women; I have never yet seen the woman who was in any way spoilt by education. I warmly advocate female suffrage under certain restrictions; and I ask those clever men who make so many good jokes on this subject to believe that I, travelling as I have done in every part of the globe, and mixing as I have done with every class, have met dozens of educated ladies leaving home to try and get, in distant lands, the bread they are starving for, and which conventionality says they shall not win for themselves in England. I think it was Sir Henry Thompson who said he would gladly see his only, well-loved daughter dead before him rather than see her enter the medical profession. I fully sympathise with him, and a few years ago should probably have felt much the same aversion to ladies entering the profession as he does; but I have since travelled with good, virtuous, highly-trained girls, who have left home, country, friends and relatives, risking the dangers of foreign climes, the miseries of the ocean voyage, all in search of existence, and to avoid dangers that they know too well

beset their sex at home. It is hard to grapple with these facts, and when a lady tells you, with an earnestness that thrills you, that she has been obliged to make all these sacrifices in order to gain daily bread, it makes one a little liberal in estimating what is lawful, and what is simply desirable in reference to employment. I am sure many I have talked to would gladly have welcomed death, had it been mercifully sent by Providence to them, rather than have faced the terrible ordeal which they were undertaking. It is very well for us, who have been born with the silver spoon in our mouths, to think that certain ways of making money are unfeminine; but what would we say if a highly-educated, well-born girl told us that night after night she had gone down to the Thames, and contemplated the deep, turbid stream, and longed to end her miseries in its waters; ay, and prayed fervently not to be led into temptation, but delivered from evil? She lives to carry on a calling which is branded by some of her sex as unfeminine, and in so doing is considered by the *nobler*

portion of creation to infringe on their privileges.

I have met with female doctors with whom it was a pleasure to converse. I have met ladies also whose opinions were worth having, who have earnestly advocated that, in certain cases, they should have the assistance of one of their own sex; yet, whilst holding advanced opinions on these subjects, I cannot see the desirability of circulating certain books, or discussing certain subjects indiscriminately. The truth is that all advanced guards and pioneers of progress have been apt to run into extremes; and so it is in this matter. The zealous advocates of women's rights have gone too heartily to work. Time will mellow their ardour, and truth must prevail. If the doctrines advocated are sound, they will in the end be adopted by the public. If female doctors, for instance, are wanted, the public will employ them, and their position will be secured; if, on the other hand, they are found to be a failure, or unnecessary, they will soon drop off, and their place never be re-filled.

CHAPTER VI.

PULLMAN CARS—PLEASANT COMPANIONS—A LARGE FIELD—ACRES OF NEMOPHILA AND ESCHSCHOLTZIA—DIGGER INDIANS—ROUNDING THE HORN—OUR BERTHS—THE GREAT PLAIN—AN INDIAN CHIEF—FIRST SIGHT OF THE SALT LAKE.

IT was now time for me to leave California, and I did so with regret, for it was like leaving a book unread, or a flower unexamined.

I had been interviewed by at least six agents for different railway routes, and been inundated with maps and plans, each claiming such superiority over those of every other company, and in such terms, that I felt quite guilty in daring to look over any other prospectus. I at length decided to go by the Rock Island route to Chicago, chiefly, I think, because the name sounded picturesque. I had from the first determined to go on

from that city to Niagara by the Lake Shore route, and so, having made up my mind, I proceeded to secure my tickets. I had been duly warned not to pay until I had been promised a lower section. There may be one person who has never travelled in a Pullman car, just as there was one cabman I heard of who did not know who the Archbishop of Canterbury was, and, in case of having that individual for a reader, I will try to describe one. They are very long railway carriages, with a door at either end, and a passage right through the centre. At one end is a room, and lavatory for ladies', and another for gentlemen. At the other end there are no partitions, and the seats are like sofas, holding two each; the passengers sit two and two, facing each other, with either back or face to the engine. A large window gives light to every set of four, or section, as it is called. At night these sections are turned into miniature cabins, with upper and lower berths each, to hold two in case of a married couple or two ladies. Another cabin is formed above the lower one, by letting down a framework by

means of pulleys and steel wires; mattresses, pillows, &c., complete this most comfortable berth, and the whole is shut in by handsome curtains. In order to secure a berth entirely to yourself, it is necessary to take a section, that is, two seats, in the day time, and if you engage the lower section, it entitles you to the lower berth at night, so that you have not to scramble to the upper one. It necessarily occurs that you have seldom more than one person in your compartment, except when a stray person happens to be travelling by day, for, although there is ample accommodation in the day time for four, yet at night the berths are only made up to hold two single passengers.

I got my ticket, and a queer-looking thing it was—a long strip of paper perforated into about ten smaller tickets, which were to be given up at the different places I purposed resting at. This ticket enables you to break the journey when, where, and as often as you like.

I made inquiries about the Yosemite Valley, but found it was not open, and so, much to my regret, I had to give it up after all.

Perhaps it was as well, for a lady once told me she would never again open a book that treated of that well-worn subject. I bought railway rugs, straps, &c., in the bazaar on the ground-floor of the hotel, where several useful shops existed, especially a barber's.

I made my last tour of the place that night, and at eight a.m. next morning found myself in a huge floating castle, which was to ferry me across to the depot (all railway stations in America are called depots, not depôts) of the Grand Union Pacific Railway. On the platform I met my fellow-traveller the General, and that made me feel I was not quite friendless in the great crowd. I noted the enormous size of the engine, with its huge cow-catcher and snow-plough in front. I also noticed the masses of wood for fuel carried in the tender. All baggage not required *en route* was ticketed with a brass label for New York, and had a number stamped on it. The duplicate was then handed to me, and I saw no more of my belongings till I gave this duplicate to the hotel porter on my arrival at New York.

This arrangement was very convenient, as it only necessitated my carrying a small hand-bag, containing a change, brushes, &c., as anything can be washed in a few hours in America.

My section was pointed out to me by the coloured attendant. I found a very pretty woman and a young man seated opposite each other. As I had taken the whole section, I had, of course, two seats to myself; therefore I fear I scanned these two with no friendly eyes, imagining that they were husband and wife, and I debated in my mind whether, considering American politeness, the lady would not consider it incumbent on me to give up my lower berth, a thing I had no wish to do. It turned out, however, that the lady was only going as far as Sacramento, and was not even related to the young man, and would leave long before night set in.

We started at last. The General was seated just behind, with his back to me; he had not secured a lower berth, so had to sit with his back to the engine, as possession of the lower berth gives one also the privilege of

the seat facing the engine. I therefore begged my friend to occupy my spare place, and derived great pleasure from listening to his description of the places we passed. The pretty woman from Sacramento also gave me much information. She was the daughter of an inn-keeper there, and told me that in the early days of the gold diggings, when she was a little girl, many a dollar was given her by miners who had come down to spend their "pile," and then go to work for more. She also described the way in which that city had been moved about by floods, and how proud they were of having such a fine town there now. Her manners were free from all coquetry, her conversation that of a well-educated person, and I was charmed with the absence of the affectation of superiority so frequently assumed. She was simply an innkeeper's daughter, and well satisfied with her station in life.

The scenery here was rather flat and uninteresting, but the size of the fields astonished me. I was told that one man owned four hundred thousand acres, and

could, if he desired, plough seventeen miles straight on end. His horses went out in the morning, and sheltered with the man for the night at the nearest resting-place, for they could not come home if the darkness overtook them at the far end of a furrow. I passed yards upon yards of blue nemophila in blossom in the cuttings of the railway, and saw acres of eschscholtzia, making the fields yellow like our charlock. I could see Sacramento city in the distance, the new Senate House being very prominent. The river bearing the same name is a grand stream of water, but very muddy and yellow.

For a hundred miles we traversed that fertile valley, capable of furnishing grain for half the American continent. Stockton seemed a very pretty place; stages from which take you to the big trees, Yosemite Valley, &c. I regretted not being able to visit these favourite resorts of tourists; but the routes were scarcely open, and I was told that the mud would be simply impassable.

At Racklin we left the valley and com-

menced our ascent. I got out for a sketch and saw some "Digger Indians;" they are said to be the lowest type of aborigines in these parts. They are not allowed to ride in the cars, but an Act of Parliament provides that they shall be carried free of charge if they ride on the platform of the cars. There they squatted, huddled together, with their blankets wrapped round them to keep themselves warm. They were clad in ragged left-off European clothes, with a few beads and charms stuck about them, and looked the picture of squalid poverty and dissipation. Their features were of the Esquimaux type.

The ascent now became very beautiful, and it was interesting to watch, as we gained higher altitudes, how the vegetation and foliage changed. We soon got into the region of stunted fir, birch, and magnificent arbutus.

Auburn I thought one of the loveliest places I ever saw, it was one mass of orchards and vineyards; but the beauty was much marred by the *débris* left by prospectors, and the

numerous gulleys cut for carrying the water to the mines.

We were informed by the conductor that we were nearing the Horn, and we therefore went out on the platform to see the view. Rounding the Horn means doubling the escarped mountain side of that name. The line is constructed on a network of trestles, and looks horridly dangerous. It is one thousand four hundred feet above the level of the river, which looked like a silver thread in the moonlight, winding beneath our feet. I cannot say I saw the necessity for this wooden frame-work, unless it economised time in construction; I should have thought a roadway might have been cut as easily as in the other parts.

We now got fairly into snow, and about an hour after reached the summit, an altitude of over seven thousand feet. I went out and found there was two feet of snow round the station. We had gone for a considerable distance through snow-sheds and tunnels. These snow-sheds are made of wood, and extend a quarter of a mile in length at certain places. In severe winters they are covered

in the drifts. The line is often only with great difficulty kept open; the fact of constructing this wonderful line is surprising enough, but the working it in all weathers is still more so.

I am, however, forgetting to describe how we were faring inside. When the darkness began to creep on, the conductor lighted up our car most brilliantly; it was kept at a nice temperature by a good fire in a stove at one end, which not only furnished hot water for the pipes running all round, but supplied us with water for washing. I forget when and where we had supper, but I remember it was a good and welcome meal.

As soon as we had passed the last object of interest, people began to think of turning in. I waited patiently to see how others managed. First the ladies asked the conductor to "fix" their beds. Whilst this was being done they retired to the ladies' dressing-room, and soon re-appeared in becoming night-robes, and pretty white kerchiefs tied over their heads to keep their hair tidy. Those who had upper berths mounted by means of a step-ladder

brought by the conductor. Everything was managed with the utmost propriety, the gentlemen rising as the ladies wished those around good night. No introductions seemed necessary, but all spoke to their neighbours as on board-ship; indeed in many ways I was strongly reminded of board-ship life. In due course I got my bed made up, and unrobed as privately as I could, donning my Indian pyjamas and sleeping-jacket, an admirable dress for this sort of travelling. I can truly say I never slept better or more comfortably in my life, and I hated the conductor for waking me up in the morning. I forgot to mention that some gentlemen, who had been having a rubber of whist, asked the General and myself to have a glass of Bourbon whiskey before turning in, which offer we gladly availed ourselves of. I noticed that several parties carried a good substantial basket of grub with them, and always fed in the cars; most, however, took their meals at the station.

On first looking out in the morning, I was cruelly disappointed to find that all our lovely mountain scenery had vanished, and that we

were in the great American desert; nothing but a vast sea of sand, with here and there stunted sage brush, an ugly, olive-green, prickly plant. The sand has a sort of hoar-frost appearance from the alkali encrusting the surface. I saw some prairie dogs, also some herds of antelope, and some cayotes. At all the stations we passed we found groups of miserable Indians. They generally had their papooses, or babies, with them, strapped on boards in the Indian fashion. They will not show the babies' faces except for money; they seem fat, chubby little things. I chiefly saw Shoshones and Piutes. These women, I was told by a lady travelling, suffer none of the usual inconvenience attendant on child-birth; at the appointed time they merely fall out from the rest of the tribe and manage for themselves, without any assistance. The husband remains behind, but is not allowed to see the infant or mother for a few days, and then he catches up the main body, with his wife and newly-born babe, as if nothing had occurred. The women are regular beasts of burden; the men idle and dissipated. All

the romance of Fenimore Cooper is a myth. The red Indians are simply painted scarlet. I saw an Indian chief at one station, in naval uniform, with a sort of cocked hat with feathers in it; he took no notice of the staring crowd that surrounded him, but sat huddled up on the platform smoking. The women were, I think, better-looking than the Australian aborigines, but had not such good figures.

The stations in this part were almost all supplied with water drawn from deep wells, and raised by wind-mills. At one station I picked up a beautiful specimen of pure sulphur, which had been brought from some mines in the immediate vicinity.

We had breakfast at Humboldt; it seems a pity not to have kept more to the Indian names, instead of calling places after European celebrities. At each station some sort of cultivation had been attempted with more or less success.

I was terribly tired of this interminable desert, which we traversed for about six hundred miles. I had my little table rigged up, and played "patience" (or, as the

Americans call it, "solitaire") with a pack of cards. The gentleman who had shared the compartment had gone, so I was the sole occupant. The General was a great comfort to me. To give an idea how unlucky some men are in a campaign, I may mention that this gentleman had been twice dangerously wounded, and once severely, in the war of the North against the South. He was a very gallant fellow, and a shrewd observer of men and manners; he had written a clever book entitled "Progressive Japan." At every station we got out and had a stretch, but at best it was a dismal time.

On Friday, the 28th, very early, I had the first peep of the Salt Lake. All the hills were wrapped in snow, and, as ridge after ridge appeared, it gave the curious effect of seeing them as if from a balloon.

I was very sorry to part with the General, and hoped to meet him again, but as he was bound for Cheyenne it was not very probable. He gave me his card, endorsed to the Commandant of the Military College at West-Point, in case my travels should lead me that way.

At Ogden I left the main line, as I intended going to Salt Lake City. I found that I had to part with my baggage, which I did with much reluctance, and it went by itself on to New York, where, after several days, I found it all safe. On the whole I had got over the nine hundred miles between San Francisco and this place very successfully.

CHAPTER VII.

EN ROUTE TO SALT LAKE CITY—MY MORMON TRAVELLING COMPANION—HIS OPINION OF AUTHORS—THE SALT LAKE IMMIGRANTS—HOW BRIGHAM YOUNG CAME TO SELECT THIS SPOT—EMIGRANT'S GAP—THE TOWN—THE WALKER HOUSE—A SECEDING SHOP-KEEPER—MY GENTILE GUIDE—THE BEEHIVE—MR TAYLOR, THE PRESIDENT—APOSTLE FRANKLIN B. RICHARDS—THE AMELIA HOUSE—PLURALITY OF WIVES.

OGDEN is the station of departure for Salt Lake City by the Utah Central Line, and here I found myself on the morning of the 28th of March. Of all the incidents relating to my travels, I find those connected with this part the most difficult to place on paper. The subject of Mormonism is in itself sufficiently delicate to deal with, but the danger I most wish to avoid is that of introducing a mass of information tendered to me, much of which (even if

true) would be quite unfit for publication; and which, being based on no better authority than that of Gentiles, I think it unfair to the Mormon sect to even hint at. I have therefore determined only to repeat such stories or legends as appear to me to rest on sufficient authority, leaving their value to the judgment of the reader. My notes were very accurately entered; they were often written on my hat-box in the train, and occasionally, when I had some special conversation to record that I desired to take down as nearly as possible *verbatim*, I used to go to a shop and buy an orange or bun, and make that an excuse for taking a seat, and jotting down my impression on the spot. On all occasions in conversing with Mormons I frankly admitted that I was a traveller in search of facts and truth, and that I might possibly make use of any information I got.

After a good breakfast at the depot I started from Ogden about eight a.m. As I was loitering, waiting for the cars, I saw several fellows hanging about; one of whom, a sturdy young man, came up and asked me

for the price of a breakfast. It was the first and only time that anyone ever begged from me in the States. I declined to give him anything, remarking that there was no need to beg in a country in which there was plenty of work for all. On getting into the cars I met a young Chinaman, and entered into conversation with him, telling him that I had just come from his country. While I was conversing with him a demure gentleman of the "Chadband" type came in and took a parcel from him, and after thanking him profusely offered him a small coin. To my utter astonishment John Chinaman refused it, the only time I ever saw a Celestial refuse money; the other man, however, pressed it on him, and at last he took it and left. I had a sort of inkling that my demure friend was a Mormon, but said nothing; I noticed that whilst pretending to read, he was taking stock of me. We were traversing the most uninteresting country that could be imagined. The land certainly bore signs of cultivation, but not a stick or a stone was visible, except that here and there in the distance a miserable kind of Irish cabin might be de-

scried. I ought to mention that, as I travelled in winter, the country, like the Crimea, may bear a very different aspect in summer; but by no stretch of imagination can I picture it as the paradise described by so many travellers, and the only excuse anyone would have for thinking it an oasis would be the change after undergoing weeks of dreary travel across the desert to reach it.

My friend opened the conversation by remarking that the country looked very beautiful. I could not agree with him, but said I admired the grand mountains of the Wahsatch range, which were looking with their snow-clad summits down on the placid Salt Lake that lay at their feet. I mentioned that a man had begged for money at Ogden. My friend said, "Oh, dear, I'm sorry for that; he was not one of us, for we allow no begging or idleness; all who come to us are provided for at once, and are set to work." I then said, "I perceive you are a Mormon." He assented. I thereupon made several inquiries as to the price of labour, the different grains cultivated, &c.

Before answering he asked me what my business in those parts might be. I told him that I was travelling for my own amusement, that I had come from England *viâ* Japan, and that curiosity and a desire to see things for myself had led me to visit Salt Lake City. I was anxious to get at the truth, and should possibly make use of any information given to me. This led to the subject of writers, against whom he was very bitter. I asked him what Gentile writer (all who are not Mormons are styled Gentiles) had done them the most justice. He said Captain Burton. I told him that I had met that gentleman at Constantinople, during the Crimean War, and that he was highly esteemed as a writer in England.

I then asked who had done them the most injustice, and he said "Brenchley," evidently alluding to Remy and Brenchley's book.* In this he was wrong, for it was Remy who wrote the section relating to the Mor-

* "A Journey to Great Salt Lake City," by Jules Remy and Julius Brenchley, M.A. London: W. Jeffs, 15, Burlington Arcade, 1861.

mons. I asked in what particular he had maligned them. He said in every particular, but especially in reference to their marriage ceremonies. He added (meaning, I suppose, authors in general), "They come down here prying, and learn a little, and then go home and write, looking through spectacles blackened with prejudice, and having their pens dipped in venom." I asked if he had read Hepworth Dixon? He said "No." I expressed surprise at his not having read such a celebrated work. He, on a subsequent occasion, said he had it on his shelf, but I found he knew nothing of his writings. I mention this as illustrative of the attention he paid to my inquiries. I then asked him a good deal about the Salt Lake itself. He said that the lake was gradually rising, which agrees with Remy's account written thirty years ago; and that the water, which was formerly composed one-third of salt, was now only one-fourth. It must be gloriously buoyant. No life exists in it, even oysters having failed; but I fancy a species of seaweed is found: it is verily a dead sea. It is two hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and

about thirty-three feet deep. Some Mormons will not believe that it can be fathomed. There are several islands in it, and it is on the whole picturesque in its *contour*, but the grand range of mountains surrounding it form its chief beauty.

But to return to my companion. He was very communicative, and told me that on arrival all immigrants were at once taken to headquarters, and their necessities inquired into and attended to. They are set up in any occupation or business they may select, and money is advanced to start them. Thus they instantly become debtors to the Church; and when they are once in the power of the President, good care is taken that they shall never clear off the burden. Everyone gives one-tenth of his property on arrival, provided he has anything to give; and pays one-tenth of his annual income, and thus a second burden is laid on him. When one reflects that a needy convert arrives saddled with the price of his passage out, and the loan to set him up, and has to pay annually one-tenth of his profits, it is obvious he is not likely to get out of debt very quickly; and it is said

that good care is taken that he never shall pay off his obligations, or be in a position to say "good-bye, I owe you nothing." If a man is really prospering, the Church, which knows everything, tells him that it is time for him to take another wife. If he does so (as he is bound to do unless he intends to set the Church at defiance), he is considered pretty safe, for the expense of a second wife, in all probability, puts him back in a financial point of view, and having thus compromised himself, he is not likely to try and leave accompanied by two wives, and perchance a family. Besides, if he succeeded in getting away, whither could he go? To what community could he attach himself after committing bigamy? His only chance is to work bravely on; and, when he has been saddled with a third wife, he becomes a trusted brother, and if a shrewd fellow, is taken into the concern, and finds it a good speculation; but he is now bound hand and foot to his new creed; there is no loop-hole left for escape. He is, by his many marriages, embarrassed pecuniarily, or else, having embarked his all in the business,

cannot afford to lose it. In either case he is bound to the sect, and the elders possess the key of his conscience.

We had arrived by this time at Salt Lake City. Just as we were running into the station, a horse that had been left standing with a cart outside a villa, took fright and bolted, and, colliding against a corner-stone, smashed the trap to atoms. So much has been written about the city and its wonderful beauties, that I was sadly disappointed. In no way that I can see can it be called wonderful or beautiful. The only wonder is how anyone could have selected such a spot as a site for a city. It has aptly been termed "a spot between two oceans;" it is indeed a spot, and nothing but the dire distress of the half-starving, weary, foot-sore people on their expulsion from Nauvoo could, to my mind, explain the adoption of such a place. All my ideas of Desseret, the home of the wild bee, the acres of golden corn, and orchards full of melting fruit, vanished in a second. Report says that the inspiration that directed Brigham Young to pitch his tent here forgot to tell him that the lake

was salt. The story told is that the advanced scouts returned with news of a magnificent lake. Brigham desired his people to go into council, whilst he went alone to pray. He mounted his horse and rode to a place called Emigrants' Gap, and from thence saw the Jordan winding its way into the mighty expanse of this inland sea. He returned, and said he had had a revelation that they were to abide there. Had he ascertained that the lake was salt, he would probably have looked farther, and possibly have got to the luxuriant plains of California. In no sense that I can imagine can it have appeared beautiful, except to those whose eyes had been strained for weeks and months in search of any living green thing. I can imagine anyone coming across the great American desert from the East, or, after crossing the mountains and prairies of the West, thinking that he had found a haven of rest at last for his goaded and weary oxen; but to anyone arriving in a luxurious Pullman car, it is at best a dreary hole. One thing must, I think, excite the wonder and admiration of everyone, and

that is the patient industry that could create such a city in a place to which materials must, in any case, be transported over a thousand miles; it testifies to the indomitable fortitude of these singular people, and the overwhelming influence the prophet must have had over them to persuade them to continue there after their harvests had been destroyed by locusts, and their very existence threatened by hostile neighbours. I can well understand that those among them who really believe should be enthusiasts, for verily the history of their sufferings is only surpassed by that of the Israelites.

The town in reality consists of only two streets, which intersect each other at right angles in the centre; all the other streets or avenues are chiefly composed of detached villas, very sunny and nicely built. Every street is very wide, with a row of trees on either side, and a clear rivulet of water running beside them; this is a curious and well-known feature of the place. The outskirts of the town reminded me somewhat of Cheltenham. There was an absence of all bustle and the usual activity

of a manufacturing town; a sort of settled quietude seemed to pervade the place. I took a 'bus and drove to the Walker House, a fair hotel, chiefly frequented by Gentiles, built by a gentleman of that name, who had seceded from the faith. The reported cause of his secession is that Walker, being a very wealthy man, was called upon by the Prophet to contribute five thousand dollars towards the building of the Tabernacle. One thousand only were sent, and returned by Brigham with an intimation that nothing less than the original sum would be accepted, and consequently Walker gave nothing and seceded. Some say he was excommunicated. This hotel is in some respects good, but very comfortless; it stands in the main street, and, together with another house kept by a Mormon, forms the only decent accommodation for visitors. I do not remember seeing or hearing any names of streets, but doubtless they exist.

On my arrival at the hotel I had a bath, a great luxury after travelling in the cars, and then some lunch; after which I sallied forth alone to see things for myself. I noticed

several well-built villas standing in gardens filled with fruit-trees; the almond-trees were just coming into blossom. I found on inquiry that they belonged to the Walker before mentioned. The streets were almost deserted. I saw a couple of Indians riding on miserable screws, decked like their riders in beads and tawdry finery. I turned into a shop to ask the price of certain articles, and got into conversation with the owner. For obvious reasons I suppress all names. He was an intelligent man from a large town in the North of England. I compared prices with him, and spoke of my travels, and he became interested. I then questioned him about himself. To my surprise I found he had seceded. I give our conversation as I noted it down a few minutes later. He told me that he had been attracted to Mormonism many years before by their religious teachings. He had been in Salt Lake City since 1850, and was in fact one of the oldest inhabitants, for they only arrived there in 1849. I asked him why he had seceded. He replied, "I belonged to them until I found it was all a money plant. I then gave

in. I do not yield to any man in my respect and love for religion, and I believe in the main that theirs is true, but, when I found that they mixed it with matters of money, I left them." I asked how they mixed it with money? He replied, "Why, no man can get on in their religion unless he marries two or more wives, and how is a poor man to marry more than one? Why, he can't get leave to marry two until he pays well to the church." He added in answer to further questions, "I think many crimes have been committed by them—mind I say they was (*sic*) done in the full idea that they was right and necessary, but I don't hold with secret business, and they don't teach the people to do right in their hearts." I asked him if he had suffered from his act of separating himself from them, and he replied that he had not; they did not trouble him, or he them.

I gathered generally from this man that he really believed originally in the inspiration of the Book of Mormon, and had quitted the sect because he thought that their present

life and teachings were not in accordance with its precepts, and because he found the road to heaven lay through money-bags. He told me that his family were all baptized in the Mormon faith. I asked what religion they now professed, and he said he did not know. Subsequently, at a later hour, I called again, hoping to get further information. The owner was absent, and the shop was served by his son, a well-grown young man; he gave me no information, but admitted he was not a Mormon.

Whilst on this subject, I may as well mention another conversation I had with a man who gave me his history. He told me frankly that plurality of wives was the great inducement to him to join. He found the place anything but the Agapemone he had dreamt of. He had never had a second wife given to him, and had seceded, but, owing to the debt he had incurred to the Church on his arrival, he had been unable to quit the place. He was very rabid against them, abusing the whole thing, and giving many scandalous details, but I could not attach much weight

to his utterances, as I saw that the frustration of an unworthy object lay at the bottom of all his vituperation.

On returning to my hotel, I took a Gentile guide who was provided gratis by the proprietors, and again went out into the city. The first thing that attracted my attention was the sound of a band. I found a procession of school children parading the streets, accompanied by flags and banners, and headed by musicians. I was told they were members of a Gentile school established to meet the demand for education. It was, in fact, a demonstration hostile to Mormonism. I watched them as they passed, and noticed that they were very fine children, clean and tidily dressed. I could not ascertain that there were any little Mormons amongst them. Here let me mention that no perceptible distinction of face, feature, dress, or manner exists between Mormon and Gentile. If you see a female too extensively got up, or very drabby and dissipated-looking, she is almost sure to be a Gentile. When you are introduced to Mormons, you may notice that the men have a very sancti-

monious look, which is possibly put on for your special benefit.

The women are more sedate and preoccupied in their manner than Gentiles; it is not exactly sadness or unhappiness, but they have a sort of far-off look about them and are very quiet. At the corner of the street at which I was standing watching the children pass, there were several good-looking but drabby women collected, evidently attracted by the music. I was struck by their unmistakable appearance, and found that they were Gentiles—fallen women in fact—much visited by the miners who come down periodically and spend large, I may say fabulous, sums in drinking and dissipation with them. The shops were very fair; many were pointed out to me as being kept by deacons, elders, and even bishops. These tradesmen generally came originally from our large towns. I went to the head-quarters of Mormonism, termed the "Bee-hive," and called on the President, Mr. Taylor. For some reason or other I was requested not to mention the subject of mines in my conversation with him.

On entering I found myself in a large oblong room, supported by pillars in the centre, and lighted by side-lights let in to a round and elevated central dome. Round this sort of gallery were hung most inferior portraits of saints, beginning with Joseph Smith. The likenesses, however, were unmistakably good, for I recognised several.

The President was engaged when I arrived, but as soon as he was at liberty he came up to me, and I introduced myself to him, saying that I had visited the Salt Lake City from curiosity, and had called to pay my respects to him. I handed him my card. I had previously written my name in the visitors' book. Mr. Taylor is one of the most benign-looking old gentlemen I ever met with. He shook hands with me cordially, and his manner was most prepossessing, free from ostentation or reserve. He entered freely into conversation with me about my travels, and I asked him many questions about trade, wages, agriculture, and the well-being of Utah generally. Mr. Taylor told me that the depression in trade had been much felt there; but that wages had

kept up better than in most places. I avoided any controversial subjects.

Whilst conversing with the President, I fancied I saw some one dodging behind the pillars, and at last detected my friend who had travelled with me that morning from Ogden. It was too good a chance to let slip, so I rose and said, "I think I see a gentleman whom I had the pleasure of travelling with this morning." He came forward and said in a very bland way, "Oh, dear me, yes, I remember," and then turning to the President said, "This is the gentleman I spoke to you about as having come here in search of truth." He was introduced to me as Apostle Franklin B. Richards, some time travelling agent of the Church in Wales. Joseph Smith, another apostle, a very cunning-looking, eagle-eyed man, with a peculiarly bad expression, was also introduced. I said, "Of course you are a relation of the celebrated founder of the sect." He said he was a nephew. I noticed his likeness to two of the pictures hanging above us, and he told me that they were portraits of his father and uncle. A secretary and a bishop were also presented to

me. I may be wrong, but I did not like the look of anyone except the President. I think my friend Richards was playing the spy. I was told subsequently that every train was met by a trusted Mormon, and the business of every fresh arrival inquired into. On leaving I thanked Mr. Taylor for his courteous reception. It must not be forgotten that I was accompanied by a Gentile guide, whose presence could scarcely have been very acceptable; but here, as elsewhere, I was very cordially received. I regret that the keeper of the archives was away, as I should have liked to have seen some of the earlier records relating to the sect. Of course I went to see the Amelia House; a very handsome building of a florid style of architecture. It is occupied by the widow and two other wives of the late Brigham Young. I noticed that one wife only was called widow. I did not ascertain where all the other wives lived; but I suppose in houses in which he had what he termed his offices.

Brigham Young, the Prophet and Saint of the Lord, amassed a large fortune, and all his wives and children came off well. The

children, they say, got twenty-two thousand dollars each. I asked if any were still unmarried, and was told several; so I made a sporting offer of becoming Mormon and marrying the lot. My joke was not appreciated. As Mark Twain says, there is nothing deceives a man so much as his own jokes. One daughter I saw was a very good-looking, lady-like girl, very like her father, so much so that I asked who she was, on that account. A young fellow was subsequently pointed out to me as the son of a high dignitary of the Church, who loved, not wisely but too well, a junior wife of another dignitary. The matter was hushed up, and a special dispensation granted by which he was permitted to marry her at once. This was the only scandal bearing marks of truth that was told to me; and have not such things happened in other communities?

Many other tales were told to me, which I did not consider above suspicion. The truth is the women live too much in public, and set too close a watch on each other to favour any great amount of Don

Juanism. I asked Apostle Richards plainly if such things did happen. He said, "Yes, occasionally; but always under the seductive influence of some Gentile." This I do not believe, for a Gentile could scarcely get a sufficient footing in any Mormon household. I noticed, on the other hand, that in all the Gentile stories the slips were represented as occurring among the Mormons themselves. I gave but little credence to any, but mention the subject as illustrating the Gentile estimate of the morals of the place. For myself, I do not believe that polygamy here, any more than in China or elsewhere, ensures marital fidelity on the part of the husband; but I believe that the women are a check on each other. From several sources I heard that the rising generation were extremely disaffected, and that few would marry except on the condition of being the only wife. One of Brigham Young's daughters is said to have made that stipulation, and I saw it recently stated that one of his sons had said that personally he did not desire a plurality of wives, but that it was impossible to get on in the sect without them. My guide

told me that once they had a good-looking Mormon girl at the hotel, and she married a coloured Gentile sooner than become the second wife of a deacon. I could not help thinking in my own mind "why marry at all!" One day whilst talking to the manager of the hotel, he asked me to notice an elderly woman who was just quitting the house. He said she has been trying to get one of our housemaids to become a second wife to her husband; no doubt the women are glad enough at times to get a second wife for their husbands, because it relieves them from much drudgery, and they themselves are worn out by hard work and constant toil. Love has died out in them, and passion ceased; a second wife enables them to live with more comfort and ease, so they do not grudge her a share of the husband's embraces.

But others, again, are actuated by a different motive, a high religious sentiment; they are zealots, and believe that, if they are head of many wives in this world, they will rule over many in the world to come. "Fancy," they say, "being the means of peopling this earth with Saints to give

eternal glory to God. I am the head here, and my husband has seven besides, and in Heaven I shall rule over myriads of Saints, more numerous than the sands of the sea." No Mormon can marry a second wife, they say, without the consent of the first, and I fancy the Church carefully guards the position of the first wife in all outward matters; in the matter of affection it is of course powerless. The sanction of the Church to a second marriage is also absolutely necessary, and here the greatest lever is used by the authorities. Permission may be granted or withheld at pleasure, and may be used either to extort money or to secure the most humble allegiance to the Church. Hence, as I have said before, a second marriage generally makes a man a Mormon for life. In the marriage ceremony the first wife places the right hand of the new wife in the left hand of her husband, as a sign that she fully consents; in other words she gives the bride away. This act is always used as an argument that women are the consenting parties, and is very fine in theory; but I leave my reader to judge what cruel

threats and coercion may have been used to bring about this self-sacrifice. Remy mentions a sad case of a widow, who had married a Mormon, being compelled to consent to the marriage of her daughter by her first husband with the girl's step-father. It drove them both to despair. As this match was against even Mormon canon law, the especial consent of the Prophet was necessary, and was only obtained, it is said, on conditions too gross to mention. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the sanction of the first wife is in many cases readily obtained, and that in the case of the third and subsequent ones there is no difficulty at all. These become mere domestic servants with the *privileges* of concubines.

Three systems of households seem to exist. The first may be termed the separate system, only found among rich men, by which each wife has her own distinct house and establishment, often far distant from any other wife's. The second consists of a row of neat houses, like almshouses; each with its own door and gateway, and occupied by a separate wife and family. The third may

be termed the beehive system, and was adopted by Brigham Young himself, though he had also separate houses. In it, all are under one roof, but each wife occupies one or more separate apartments. They all eat and pray together. Brigham Young had his own private office and bedroom attached, and was never intruded upon by any wife except by special and private invitation. Whenever he was ill he selected whomsoever he would of his wives to attend and nurse him; and this post was most ardently coveted by all. Mrs. Bates told me that one of the severest trials that these poor women are exposed to, when they, as many do, really love their sensual old lords, is the refusal of the wife in charge to let them see the invalid, perhaps dying, husband. She told me many piteous stories on this subject, and her evidence is most probably true, as it cuts both ways; for, if it shows their miseries, it shows also that they arise out of real love for their husbands. The truth of domestic bliss or misery depends wholly on circumstances. Those women who are religious zealots are completely happy;

others, though misguided and deceived in the first instance, often have a love born in them after marriage, and learn to be contented. The rest are utterly miserable, and to this class generally belong those married women who leave their own country full of zeal and hope, and then on arriving find out the hollowness of their husband's new faith.

I was asked by a lady in Hong-Kong to look out for a cousin of hers at Salt Lake City. She was a very beautiful girl, and had a good fortune, but had been persuaded by a Mormon agent to go out there. Of course, I never heard anything of her; she, poor thing, was in all probability one of the wretched ones. Women, I fancy, never openly secede; how can they? I have read or heard of one woman seceding; she was, I think, a wife of the Prophet's, and her experiences are published, but are, of course, open to suspicion.

Polygamy was not at first a tenet of the Church; it is doubtful whether Joseph Smith ever openly inculcated it, and his widow denied his ever having practised it;

but Brigham Young thought it desirable to promulgate it when they had safely settled down in far-off Utah. In 1855 (several years later) Haws, one of the earliest and most zealous converts, positively denied the doctrine, but the astute Brigham thought probably, like Mahomet, that it would prove a powerful magnet, and eventually enable them to speak with their enemy in the gate. Be that as it may, it has now not only become a fundamental doctrine, but is regarded as a chief means of salvation. In a conversation with Franklin B. Richards (having in mind my talk with my shop-keeping friend) I asked if such was the case. He fully admitted it. I mentioned that the Turks, and many other Oriental nations who practised polygamy, were, as I knew from personal observation, giving it up in consequence of the inability in modern times to support more than one wife. He said that, with the Turks, polygamy was sanctioned, not enjoined. I replied "that I thought it was enjoined in the Koran." He answered, "There is no parallel between the cases, with us polygamy is abso-

lutely a stepping-stone to Heaven. Our wives assist and enable us to gain a happy eternity; whilst we, by marrying them, *ensure* their entrance there with us. The Mahomedans do not even admit women into their Heaven."

In further conversation with this apostle he strongly defended the custom by quotations from the Bible. I noticed that all his quotations were from the Old Testament. He then especially alluded to our Saviour's having made honourable mention of holy men of old, all of whom were notably polygamists, thereby indicating a sanction of the custom. I have entered his arguments as nearly as possible as he used them, in many cases adopting his own words. I record them merely because they were the words of one who had been a trusted agent of the church, and who, as an apostle, if not inspired, should at least be a true exponent of the doctrine of his church. I noticed he rarely quoted from the Book of Mormon, but largely from the Bible; this was probably honestly done, feeling that by so doing he was using my own weapons against myself. I shall have to

return several times to this gentleman, and therefore wish to record that in all his conversations, he was perfectly open, and showed great moderation of language, and indeed was possessed of a persuasive manner.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE OF SALT LAKE CITY—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GRAVE—HIS FUNERAL—SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES—A BORN LEADER OF MEN—THE TABERNACLE—ITS ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES—THE NEW TEMPLE—WELSHMEN—THE GAOL—A TALK WITH THE JUDGE—MARRIAGE RITES—THEATRE—THE DANITE BAND—SCHOOLS—I RETURN TO OGDEN WITH FRANKLIN B. RICHARDS—HIS OPINIONS—SUMMING UP OF MY IMPRESSIONS.

I WENT of course to see Brigham Young's grave. It is situated in a place selected by him during his lifetime, as a burial-place for himself and family. It is a plot of ground about half an acre in extent, not far from one of his residences. It contained the remains of some of his wives and children, and was the most untidy, uncared for place I ever saw. Some graves had been opened to remove the bodies to a more secluded portion of the enclosure, and the holes had never been refilled; it was indeed a desolate

Golgotha. Subsequently I called the attention of an apostle to its state, and he told me that the family of the prophet intended to "fix" it up immediately.

Brigham Young lies in the south-west corner. The spot is marked by a huge slab of rough unpolished granite. He gave full instructions about his own funeral. He was buried in full canonicals, in a leaden coffin large enough for him to turn round in if he wished to do so. The body became a putrid mass almost immediately after death, and the face was painted daily by an artist to hide the disfigurement caused by decomposition.

He was laid in state in the Tabernacle for several days, a glass-plate being let into the coffin over his face, so that the thousands who visited his remains might see him; and then was finally carried to the grave with great pomp and ceremony. The sepulchre was very deep, and covered, first with a solid slab of granite, weighing many tons, and fastened down with stanchions of iron and solid masonry. Above all there was a second slab of granite. Each slab, I was told,

weighed eight tons. All this precaution was taken to prevent the body being removed by Gentiles. A constant watch is kept from a Mormon house overlooking the grave. I never could quite understand why all these precautions were taken in this case. The grave of Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, and supposed inspired author of the Book of Mormon, was never so watched and guarded. In a conversation with a Gentile well versed in Mormonism, I asked if any suspicion had attended the Prophet's death, "How do you mean?" he said. I replied that his death was sudden, and took place at a time of great excitement, when a very serious cloud hung over the sect. I may mention that it took place shortly after the execution of Bishop Lee for his participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre. My friend said, "Do you want to know whether there was any suspicion aroused as to the Prophet's being helped out of the world." I said "Yes." He then told me that there had been a general idea prevalent that he had been poisoned to prevent the possibility of his being tried by the United

States Government for participation in that massacre; Bishop Lee, in his last moments, having declared that the Prophet was the instigator of it. Death would prevent the possibility of a trial, and prevent also the chance of any disclosures in case of confession at the last moment. My informant told me that he had spoken to the Prophet half-an-hour before he was taken ill, and that he was then well and cheery. There was no *post-mortem*, and he was never left without some dignitary of the Church being present. How far medical aid was resorted to I was unable to ascertain; but its absence would not be remarkable, as, by their tenets, prayer and the laying on of hands, together with anointing with oil, would be sufficient. Such was my information respecting the death of this great leader; I give it as I received it, merely remarking that hints of foul play had reached me in Europe long before I visited the place.

A few words may here be appropriately introduced respecting Brigham Young. He was somewhat ludicrously described by his predecessor, Joseph Smith, as a man who

could eat more eggs and beget more children than any other man living. By others he has been described as equal to Moses and superior to Mahomet. By all he is admitted to have been a wonderful man; and his power over these people was simply marvellous. His foresight and capacity for work were astounding; his concentration and administrative genius superb. Never mind whether his religion was good or bad, whether he was a humbug or not, only read the history of the journey of these people from Nauvoo in the depth of winter, their miseries, their hardships and distress, all borne bravely under his powerful guidance and unceasing encouragement; look at his forethought in sowing corn, and providing for the necessities of the succeeding batch of emigrants; mark the city he planned and raised for them in that dreary wilderness; think of the blind idolatry that this great mass of people tendered to him, and every-one must own he was possessed of a master mind and rare abilities. In spite of the persecution of man, with the very elements warring against him, hostile tribes of

Indians dogging his steps, he conducted a trodden-down, dispirited, famishing people across a thousand miles of desert to a place of rest and safety. He laid out and built them a city to dwell in that is a model of sanitary excellence; he gave them laws and ruled over them wisely for nearly thirty years, and died rich and respected amongst them. I never heard Gentiles even speak ill of him out there, except in reference to his desire for many wives, who are all said to have devotedly loved him. All the anecdotes told of him point to genial humour and kindness, and he was essentially to all no other than "Brother Brigham." Like most great men, he had panegyrists who were not exactly wise in their praises. One amused me by calling him a marvel, because he could call all his children by their names! This is no great feat: any master of hounds can tell you the names of all his puppies, and the birth and parentage of each; and, after all, Brigham is said to have had only seventeen wives and thirty children. A Mormon judge, whom I met, declared that he was an excellent man of business, and

singularly unbiassed in his opinions. He knew exactly when to give way gracefully, a rare gift in a prophet. His usual way in council was to say, "Well, gentlemen, such are my views, and I adhere to them; but, as the majority think differently, I may be wrong, and therefore yield." This gentleman spoke of his late chief in the calmest manner, without a particle of enthusiasm. I was, I confess, astonished to find how short-lived his memory was, and to see his tomb so neglected. He is seldom quoted now; can it be that those behind the scenes knew too well how far he was inspired? His vice was unbridled sensuality; who can tell how far he was an impostor!

I next visited the Tabernacle. This building is of course the centre of attraction; nevertheless to me it was not in the least attractive. In shape it is like a huge dish-cover, low and mean in appearance. Its acoustic properties are singularly good, and present a marked contrast to those of the Albert Hall. The custodian asked me to go to the far end in order to test them. I declined on the score of deafness, but

he pressed me; so I went and stood at one end of the ellipse, and he at the other, and I could hear a mere whisper distinctly. The inside is plain and devoid of ornamentation. Some faded bunches of evergreens and wreaths of flowers betokened that it had been decorated for Christmas. Near it stood a smaller building used for winter services, as the Tabernacle cannot be warmed. The formula used on Sunday is very simple, consisting chiefly of hymns and a sermon, and they sing very well. Welsh, Scandinavians, and immigrants from our large English towns, form the major portion of the congregation. There is, I hear, a good organ, but it was under repair the day I visited the place. The sermons preached are by all accounts very indifferent, and occasionally not free from touches of sensuality and buffoonery. I went to see the new temple which is in course of erection. It will be a fine building in spite of its hideous style of architecture; the beautiful granite of which it is being built will hide a multitude of sins. It is a reproduction in a measure of the first temple destroyed at Nauvoo. It will be used much

in the same way as a masonic hall for the performance of Mormon rites, and not for religious services. These rites are said to bear a striking resemblance to those of Free Masonry, and Brigham Young, who was himself a mason, has been accused of tampering with masonic secrets; it is said that, in consequence, no Mormon can now be admitted as a mason. As I do not belong to the craft, I cannot tell. In a conversation with a Mormon, he tried to avoid the subject; and, whilst admitting that he was a mason, said that they did not avail themselves of any of the privileges, as their doctrines supplied all that was necessary. Whilst going over the workshops of this new temple, I came across several Welshmen, whom I addressed as countrymen. Two came from my immediate neighbourhood, and knew my family. They seemed depressed, and did not care to enter into conversation about either the present or the past. I had a Mormon official with me, and that may have had something to do with their silence.

A man from Haverfordwest was weighing

out goods at a place called the Granary, in order to pay for work done. They pay generally in kind, as it is the way in which they collect their tithes; moreover it prevents anyone accumulating money, and so gaining the means of leaving the state. He was a jolly-looking fellow, and I asked him if he was married, and he told me in a sheepish sort of a way that he was very much married.

I visited the gaol, but found no prisoners, and heard from the sergeant in charge, who was, I think, a Gentile, that there really was no crime. I was introduced to the presiding judge, and entered very fully into conversation with him, to the great uneasiness of my guide. I fancied the judge was a Gentile, and so spoke freely of the saints to him. In speaking to him of crime, I said that, although there might be little detected crime, yet public opinion outside gave them credit for much secret crime. He said, "No doubt our annals have been stained by great crime, but I hope we shall outlive that." He strongly condemned the government for instituting prosecutions for polygamy, and

assured me that such actions must invariably fail. He used the well-known argument that an insuperable difficulty would lie in the way of proving one marriage, much more two. He added that the Mormon rite of marriage was so solemn that women would not even allude to it in a court of justice, and that no woman would put her husband at the mercy of a legal tribunal for doing that which her religion enjoined, and which tended to ensure his and her future happiness. I mentioned that Gentile writers gave them credit for having instituted such degrading ceremonies, in connection with their marriage services, that any woman of sensibility would shrink from alluding to them—that one of their own members had said that the scene of the temptation in the Garden of Eden was fully re-enacted. This the judge denied, and said that the foundation for such a story merely rested on the statement of an unworthy apostate. I have reason nevertheless for thinking that second and subsequent marriages were formerly attended by ceremonies that perhaps the first wife never heard of, and which

the second wife would not willingly divulge.

The town is governed by a mayor and council, elected by ballot, who are all Mormons. The only Gentiles who exercise any control, are the Governor of Fort Douglas and a few legal government officers. Justice, in days gone by, was most indifferently administered, much to the detriment of the Mormons.

Fort Douglas overlooks and overawes the city, and no doubt the glory of the place has departed. In bygone days the Government at Washington was very chary of interfering with these bold, resolute men; but now the railway, bringing with it an influx of Gentiles, has put matters on a different footing, and the Fort, situated on the slope of the Wahsatch mountains, with its vicious-looking guns pointing towards the town, would be able to employ some startling arguments should occasion require. I did not hear any complaints against the garrison, and I am bound to say that more animosity was evinced by Gentiles against Mormons than by Mormons against Gentiles;

moreover, the past history of these people, though written always by Gentiles, represents them as ever patient under provocation and persecution. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the Mormons socially, they have been cruelly and shamefully treated by the United States Government. They were put outside the pale of the law, which sometimes was denied them, at others declared powerless to protect them, and yet when necessity arose, and Government wanted a regiment, they raised and equipped one, and this at a time when their own condition was so miserable, and their necessities so dire, that a reasonable excuse might have been offered. Their motto seems to me to have always been, "First a citizen, and then a Mormon." Could the action of Government have been influenced by fear and jealousy of the popular leader? It has always seemed to me that Brigham Young's coquetting with politics was the cause of many of their miseries.

When the Gentile immigration first set towards Salt Lake City, it alarmed the Church,

and the Prophet, in order to check it, gave orders that all Mormon tradesmen should put a distinctive sign on their houses. The design was the Omnipresent eye surrounded by light, and encircled by the words, "*Holiness unto the Lord.*" Mormons were enjoined to trade only at such shops. The folly of this policy soon became apparent; the Gentiles left in flocks, and with them went the Gentile money. The Mormons were left to prey upon each other, a process they soon got tired of. The signs were soon discarded, and the only one I saw was over the co-operative stores, a large and well-conducted Mormon establishment, at which a good deal of money is taken. In conversation with a renegade, he pointed out to me the way in which the Church enjoyed, in reality, a monopoly of everything. After expatiating on his own grievances, he said that the whole thing was a gigantic money speculation, managed by the President, with the apostles as directors, who amassed enormous wealth for which others toiled. "Look," he said, "at the late Brigham Young; he did not build up that pile of

dollars by his own labour, and he died worth millions."

The Mormons live on friendly terms with the neighbouring Indians. I saw some miserable specimens riding in the streets of the town. The sight of these people somehow always made me feel sad. Mr. Richards told me that they found it much cheaper to give them tobacco than to pay for bullets to shoot them. The Mormons claim to have converted many; it may be so. They state that they have converted Chinamen; I very much doubt it.

I went to the theatre—a good building, looking as such buildings always do by daylight, particularly drabby and dissipated. Amateurs were rehearsing "H.M.S. Pinafore." One of Brigham Young's daughters was on the stage, not acting, but superintending. They are all, I understand, good actresses, but did not just then perform in public. Two stage-boxes were in former days reserved for the Prophet and his family. All kinds of innocent recreation and amusements are very much encouraged amongst them, and the children of the most exalted saints are

allowed to assist. Professional actors are made much of; indeed all strangers are hospitably received, and, when one considers how keenly every act of theirs is criticised, it speaks volumes for their forbearance. Music seems very popular, and I heard many pianos going. The greater portion of the houses are still of wood, and the town does not, as I imagined, lie immediately on the Salt Lake, but about two miles inland towards the slope of the Wahsatch mountains. The River Jordan flows into the Lake, very near the town. The water that flows through the streets is supplied by a mountain stream of great purity.

Before returning to my hotel, I stood alone looking at the scenery. The setting sun was very lovely; its departing rays tipped the snow-clad summits of the weird mountain range with a roseate hue that was reflected curiously in the placid waters of the lake, which of itself bore a molten, silvery appearance. The stillness was almost to be felt, and, as I watched the fiery orb disappearing behind the hills, I was seized with a feeling of awe, a craving for

some kind of communion; a sensation that my last and only friend was gone, and had left "the world to darkness and to me." There I stood alone in the midst of a small, a very small, section of the great human family; separated from them, in mind and ideas, as far as they were separated from the rest of the world by the vast boundless deserts that surrounded them. Above me the dark, strange, fathomless space; and I longed for some ray of light, some revelation, some inspiration that would teach me how far I and those around me were from the knowledge of the essence of the Divine Creator, how far they and I had strayed from the pure celestial fount of all wisdom.

I had a good dinner tolerably served, surrounded by a fair company. How I longed to know who were Mormons and who were not; and to read the secrets of their inner lives. After dinner I strolled out to a concert with my guide. The streets were tolerably lighted. I met two well-dressed, good-looking girls, who were very *empressées* with my guide. I asked who they were, and

found they were Gentiles of the class so much complained of by my Mormon friends; they desired an introduction to me. I noticed that, whilst my guide knew everybody and was civil to all, he had a kind of Freemasonry with Gentiles, and took special trouble to point them out to me. This probably was done to convince me that he was a Gentile himself, as a system of espionage undoubtedly exists in the place. I may here state that I do not believe in the terrors of the Danite band, or avenging angels in general. If such terrors had any reality, people would scarcely have spoken freely to me, a perfect stranger, of their secessions, and have given me gratuitously their estimate of the saints with whom they lived.

I did not go to the concert, I preferred strolling about, poking my nose everywhere, having a feeling of perfect security. I saw no drunkenness, and the city was as silent as death. There were no "sounds of revelry by night." I never saw a policeman, and, even in the quarter where the young ladies

who attract miners live, there was no indication of dissipation going on.

I saw some hot springs that these people are very proud of, but they had little interest for me after seeing those of Japan. Hot baths at the hotel are charged at four shillings each, and everything is somewhat dear, but not unreasonably so, considering the long land carriage. Strange to say, I could get no good photographs of the city or buildings. I got some good ones of B. Young and other celebrities.

The Elders of the Church are, I understand, paid for their services, and it is not unreasonable that those who devote their time and energies to such work should be recompensed. The salaries named to me were very small. I fancy that the money is really made by charging a high rate of interest on all money borrowed by those who join the sect.

Then again, the Church has command of all the bullion, and can take advantage of any favourable rise or fall in the exchange, and can speculate with an amount of security that no one else could hope for. The

revenue also must be very great; and the Elders, having a monopoly of everything, can turn their money over as often as they like.

I asked much about schools and the rising generation. I was told that education was very strictly attended to, and that the younger members were sound; but this did not agree with Gentile accounts. I could not hear of any special girl schools, but boys and girls of every age seem to be educated together at the same school, kept by men.

On my return journey to Ogden, I travelled again with Apostle Franklin B. Richards, and this gave me an opportunity of prolonged conversation with him. I shall detail our conversation as I noted it down at the time, feeling no compunction in so doing, as he was by this time fully aware who I was, and of my object in visiting the place; and indeed this gentleman's answers were so freely and fully given on all points, that I feel certain that he wished them to be recorded for Gentile information. He asked me about my impressions. I complimented

him on the cleanliness of the town, the complete order, and the absence of crime. He said that no crime would exist amongst them if left alone, but that the United States Government was seeking to establish it by the laws they were making in reference to polygamy. He foretold their collapse, repeating the same arguments on the subject of prosecutions as the judge. He complained that, whilst Government severely criticised their institutions, they sanctioned an influx amongst them of the most depraved characters, whose manners and customs would corrupt any community. "And if," he said, "we resent it, or try to rid ourselves of these plague-spots, the whole power of the State is brought to bear against us."

Polygamy is a fearful crime at Washington, too bad to be tolerated, whilst fornication and adultery are practised and allowed under their very eyes; yet the one is sanctioned in their own Bible, and the other severely condemned.

After referring to the numerous independent conversations I have recorded,

respecting the impossibility of making progress in their spiritual course, unless they are rich enough to marry more than one wife, I asked plainly if such was the case. Mr. Richards replied that by their tenets a man was judged to be a good or bad Mormon according to the number of wives he had; that a Mormon who had many wives would take a higher position in Heaven than one who had few. He illustrated his meaning by saying, a man like Rothschild should, out of the abundance of his wealth, marry many wives, and beget children to the praise and glory of God. I asked, "How then could a poor man enter the Kingdom of Heaven?" He did not answer my question, but continued that their creed was that of our forefathers, and if we had only followed their teaching and example, most modern vices would never have existed. With the Mormons these vices were rare, indeed, in primitive times, when they first settled in these parts, marriage was so easy that it was universal; if any woman amongst them had a natural desire for the society of man she could

innocently and honourably enjoy it; their children were all legitimate, and no cravings or heart-burnings existed; vice was unknown, and peace and contentment reigned around, but it was the object of all Gentiles to bring them back into the slavery of sin."

I remarked that this was all very well where the proportion of the sexes was equal, or where even the females preponderated, and where food was cheap enough to admit of a man's maintaining two or more wives; but that only under such circumstances could polygamy flourish. I asked him what was the average number of wives. He could not tell me, but said he knew many men who had several. He admitted that the Prophet had seventeen, and said he knew apostles and elders with ten. I asked if such things as spiritual wives did not exist; whether women were not sealed to the saints in a spiritual sense, who would never see their husbands in the flesh? He said, "No." I told him I had heard that Brigham Young had several such wives. He said "that it might be so

in his case, but that it was against their theory, which was to increase and multiply, and so fulfil the law of God." In fact, as Hepworth Dixon has put it, Mormonism is the reality, as Shakerism is the ideal of love. I ventured to remark that at certain times a wife was especially entitled to the moral care and attention of her husband, and asked whether seeing him engrossed with others at such periods would not be very galling to her? He said such was not the case; that women married, well understanding this state of things, and lived together as sisters, without any jealousy; the expected advent of an infant would make them more attentive to a sister. He adverted to the women's rights movement in the States, and remarked that conformity to Mormon doctrines would be the panacea for one of their supposed wrongs, which I need not mention. I told him that most of the arguments he had used were favourable solely to men.

"How," I asked, "would it be if the same privileges that are accorded to the

saints were accorded to the women, and if they alone should be the judges of when it was desirable for their husband to take a second wife?" He said "that practically it was so, for that a man could not marry a second wife without the full consent of the first; and they never withhold it, because they glory in fulfilling the law." I asked, "If the rising generation was tainted with the scepticism that pervaded all religions in these days?" He said, "No, they were sound, because so much trouble was taken with their education. At eight years old we admit them into full church membership." I remarked that eight was rather young. He said, "No, at that age they are considered fully capable of taking the responsibility on themselves; and on this occasion we take advantage of admonishing them as to their duties to their parents, exhorting them to prosecute their studies diligently, and become good and worthy saints. We also encourage readings, and especially public speaking and debating, as it fits young men for the ministry."

I pressed him for information respecting their marriage rites, but he only admitted that they were protracted and secret. Mr. Richards told me that he had been an agent for Mormonism at Merthyr.

He seemed to take an interest in my travels, and especially asked the cost, as he said he desired himself to go to all nations and preach the Word. He stated that a leading member of their body was at that time in London, having a very superior copy of the Book of Mormon lithographed. Talking of this production, he said that religion all over the world had fallen to so low an ebb that the Almighty had vouchsafed to Joseph Smith a last revelation, in order to bring men back to the true fold. He thought religion and science were not inimical, but should be made to go hand-in-hand. I asked him concerning several other sects that had peculiar tenets of their own; he knew nothing about them. He did not even seem to know of the Oneida Creek establishment.

I here conclude my conversations with

Mormons; I hope I have made them readable and interesting; the amount I have suppressed as not suited to the general public would fill another chapter I must again excuse myself for introducing so much of the all-absorbing doctrine of polygamy; but to have omitted it would have been like giving Hamlet without the Ghost.

And now to sum up my impressions of these people. I think their town has been much over-rated; it is, however, clean, well laid out, and very orderly. Of the cultivation surrounding it, I cannot speak. I was astonished to find that so many inhabitants had seceded, and openly boasted of it. This, as I said before, to my mind does away with the idea of the wrath of the avenging angels. The women certainly wear a pre-occupied look, and seem to have no elasticity about them. The children are well-clad, and very fine specimens, presenting a marked contrast to those I saw in Brisbane and elsewhere. Money here, as everywhere, is the chief god worshipped. In spite of all said to the contrary, I believe the rising genera-

tion to be strongly tainted with scepticism. Finally, if the United States Government will cease to aggravate them with penal codes on polygamy, and in that and other ways make martyrs of them, the influx of Gentiles, the influence of civilization and education, and above all the increasing prices of all articles of food, will soon make Mormonism, as far as that particular tenet is concerned, a thing of the past.

Of the present generation, I think many men and most women sincere. If the women were not so, in these days of public opinion, the thing must collapse. Any resistance on the part of the women to these tenets, must prove eventually successful. How could it be otherwise if, on the one hand, consent to polygamy was withheld universally, and refusal to become a second wife made a rule on the other? I believe myself (I confess, contrary to the opinions of other writers) that the women are the chief abettors of the doctrine of polygamy, even as they were of free-love, and other doctrines, elsewhere. It may be that they

have the same strong feeling on the subject of women's rights that their other American sisters have, and use this doctrine as a means to attain the same end. The position of the first wife being firmly secured, she may not be unwilling to throw certain burdens on another, especially as she is assured by her Church that by so doing she is heaping up great rewards for herself hereafter. I cannot otherwise account for it; but much that I have suppressed leads me to this conclusion.

I cannot say I was sorry to leave the great Salt Lake City. I could not, for one instant, consent to the doctrines that were inculcated there, and which all history, as well as common sense, point out must sooner or later collapse; but I have tried honestly to do them all the justice they deserve, and I detest the persecution they have met with.

A powerful writer has said that "the time has not yet anywhere arrived when a man can give his religious ideas the outward form he considers best calculated to represent and fully express them." Perhaps the Mormon

time has not yet come, but, when it does come, it must be accompanied by cheap bread, and a preponderance of women over men.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAHSATCH RANGE—NO EXTRAS—THE DEVIL'S SLIDE —A PRETTY BRIDE—THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE—BEARS—DUKE CREEK BRIDGE—OMAHA—COUNCIL BLUFFS—COLD BREAD—CHICAGO—SIGNS OF POVERTY—A NEAT WAY OF ADVERTISING—A SOBER MOB—THE PIGS' "CHAMBER OF HORRORS"—NEMESIS—LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE ERIE.

AT half-past eight a.m. I was again at Ogden, and was not a little worried about my hand-bag, and hat-box, all in fact, that I had taken to Salt Lake City with me. On reaching the junction, a porter seized my "impedimenta," asked me where I was bound for, and rushed off. I tried to follow him, but an engine was just coming down on the level crossing, with its bell tolling to give warning (they never use whistles, as we do), and thus I was cut off from my baggage. Now my hand-bag contained all my money,

and my letters of credit, so I was in a horrid fix. In vain I endeavoured to find the man. I do not think if I had come across him I should have recognized him. Everyone was very civil and assured me it would be all right, that I should find it when the train arrived, but I would not be re-assured! They, however, spoke the truth, as I recovered it at the terminus, but how it reached there is a mystery, as it had no direction.

I had a good breakfast at Ogden before starting by the Atlantic express. I found a fair number of passengers in the Pullman car, amongst others a bride and bridegroom, and the lady's mother; the "spooning" soon made me acquainted with the relationship.

Almost immediately on leaving Ogden we began the ascent of the Wahsatch range. The scenery was indescribably beautiful, and a charming contrast to the monotonous plains we had been so long traversing. We took the course of a grand brawling river, and followed it up until it became almost a thread. I longed to remain in some of those

quiet farm-houses, nestling amid crags and boulders, for fishing; I can scarcely realize more perfect quiet and solitude than could be found in some of these sweet little nooks. Oh! how large the world seemed just then, and how utterly given up to oblivion by the inhabitants of these parts!

We were now never off the platform in front of our car, and the conductor civilly, in passing ever and anon, called our attention to some wonder in geology, or some grand scenic effect.

I must mention here, before I forget it, a phase in this portion of my travels intensely pleasing to me, and this was the absence of all demands for "backsheesh" or "remembering the waiter." I never gave a shilling to a soul, except the man of the Pullman car who cleaned my boots, and moreover a gratuity was never demanded. I was told that everything was extra in the hotels, that the man who brought up your luggage would not put it inside your room. All this I found incorrect. If people will go out of their way to tip servants, of course the servants cannot be expected to refuse;

but, depend upon it, the public have themselves to blame for all the importunity they have to endure.

The strata and geological construction of the gorge we were now passing through were very interesting. Amongst other things the Devil's Slide was most marvellous. From the top to the bottom of the hill there ran two parallel lines of quartz, at seemingly a few yards' distance, cropping up about three feet above the ground, and forming a sort of shoot. The Devil's Gate, or entrance to the gorge, was also very fine. The echoes were grand, and, although the gradients were not so great as some I have travelled, the labouring of the engine seemed very distressing.

When we reached the plain, I saw a bullock-train wending its weary way down towards Weber; it seemed to carry my spirit back into the old days, when thousands perished in their struggles to reach that mighty "will o' the wisp," the gold diggings.

Now we had got again into the sage-brush and sandy scenery. We were out

of the Utah, and in Wyoming, State, so I came in and settled down a bit. I found I had the whole compartment to myself, and, as the scenery was of the usual prairie kind, I had my table fixed, and set to work playing my "patience." A gentleman in the adjoining compartment had already set to work in the same manner: he taught me a new game which I called "America," and I taught him another. Our earnestness in the game attracted others to look on, amongst the number the pretty young bride. I offered her a pack of cards to try her luck; she accepted, and I left her very much absorbed in her game. When I returned she offered to move, but I begged her not to do so, and getting another pack of cards from my bag I taught her a very neat "patience" played by two persons, called "sympathy and antipathy." She became intensely interested in it, and would not give in until she had succeeded in doing it. In the meantime, fearing that her husband might be annoyed at our playing so much together, I suggested that she should play a game with him. She laughed and said

"I guess there will be plenty of time for that hereafter," and continued to play on. I invited the mother to come and do gooseberry, and was glad enough that she did come, as there was no getting the girl away, and I did not want the husband to gouge me. She was very nice all the same, but, if I had been she, I would not have travelled too much with "mamma," as she did not set her daughter off to advantage.

At night the usual toilets were made, and the pretty bride got herself up most becomingly; her husband slept just opposite to me, and she and her mother occupied upper and lower berths.

Lower down in the car I found another party very friendly, a lady, her daughter and son, who were travelling to Boston, and had taken the drawing-room suite. The lad, who was about twenty, took a fancy to me, and seemed not a little glad to be rid of petticoat government. He evidently was kept on short allowance of money, for at one place he did not come in to lunch, and begged me not to tell his mother that

he had not sat down; evidently he had spent his seventy-five cents in tobacco. He was a very frank lad, and was going on a scientific tour round the world, as secretary to some professor.

He asked me to come and see his mother and sister. I did so, and was formally introduced. The sister was a quiet lady-like girl; the mother a regular Bostonite, and the only person I met in America who spoke uncivilly of my country, and disparagingly of our Queen and Royal family. I begged to assure her that, if any of our Princes or Princesses happened to travel with her incognito, she would soon find out that they rose by virtue of their talents and superior education to the top of the tree. I can conceive no persons so thoroughly educated as our Royal family, or so well qualified to make themselves the centre of every intellectual coterie.

Strange to say this lady was the widow of an Englishman. Her son flared up at her want of tact, and stoutly declared he liked the English, and was half an Englishman himself. This incident I note as the only

exception to the rule of extreme civility I met with everywhere.

Somewhere about here, I think, we passed a spot called the Maiden's Grave, marked by a large cross. The legend respecting it runs that, amongst the first pioneers of this great line, was a fair maiden greatly beloved by all. She died, and was simply buried in these wilds. The next lot that came erected a handsome monument to her memory.

I find entered in my diary that in the morning we were surrounded by ice and snow. I saw some cayotes and three large herds of antelope. The morning in these plains is very fine, the mist hanging about, almost obscuring range on range of snow-capped hills in the distance. How often I speculated on the vicissitudes of some little rivulet caused by melting snow, and wondered what forests, towers, and cities it would pass before it became absorbed in the all-devouring ocean!

Here were plains one hundred miles square, without a break bigger than a bullock's carcass, or a sage bush. We

passed Fort Laramie; how I pitied those quartered there! The tower is a good one, all built of wood, with about four thousand inhabitants. I saw several bears here, tied to trees in the streets, and the station was ornamented with a good collection of skins, furs, elkhorn, &c., for sale.

Wyoming itself was insignificant. Shortly after leaving it we passed Dale Creek bridge, a novel feature on this line; it is nearly eight hundred feet in length, and one hundred and twenty-six feet high, constructed entirely of wood. It appears, after you have passed it, like a scaffolding made of lucifer matches, and to look down into the creek from the centre, is not encouraging.

At Sherman we had reached the extreme altitude, and were, I believe, at the highest station in the world, over eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was bleak and cold enough, and our route latterly had been through a succession of snow-fences and sheds.

Cheyenne was our next place of interest, after which we merely passed large agricultural plains lying along the valley of a fine

river, the Platte, until we arrived at Omaha. This grand city, with twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Missouri. It is of very recent construction, and owes its rise to the junction of a great number of lines at this spot. The station, or depot, as they call it, is very handsome. I here parted, to my regret, with the bride; she and her mother went on by another route, the husband remaining in Omaha on business. I saw them into their train, and then got into mine for Chicago.

We crossed the Missouri by a handsome bridge, which connects Omaha with Council Bluffs, a large town of twelve thousand inhabitants. The name is derived from its high commanding position and its being the place where interviews were held with the Indians. To me it was interesting as connected with the fresh departure of the unfortunate Mormons, after their expulsion from Nauvoo.

Dining-saloons were attached to our train at Omaha, and were a great convenience. I purposed quoting a bill of fare, but really

it would take up a page, and only bewilder the reader; suffice it to say that I got everything that I asked for, including excellent boiled trout and egg-sauce, turkey, cranberry sauce, mallard duck (*sic*), ice-cream, and dessert, all served in first-rate European style—not so bad when we were going at thirty miles an hour! Breakfast and supper were if anything superior to dinner; eight kinds of fancy bread—I made a rule of trying them all, but did not care for any. I had much difficulty in getting stale bread; no word that I used seemed understood by them, until one old waiter at Chicago hit it off, "I see, massa want cold bread." The word *cold* fetched it at once everywhere subsequently.

A curious feature of this lengthy journey was that we travelled by different standards of time; trains west of Ogden ran by San Francisco time—namely, three hours and fourteen minutes slower than New York, and so on, changing at the great divisions of the line.

I had no nice companions at this portion of the route, though everything was very com-

fortable. The nights were bitterly cold, but I had heaps of clothes. The scenery was uninteresting until we crossed the Mississippi at Davenport by a very fine bridge. I had never thought to see this grand river! The country was very fertile, and seemed highly cultivated. All we had lately passed appeared given up to cattle grazing, and the number of carcasses we saw spoke of the great losses sustained in this business.

On arriving at Chicago, I was impressed by the poverty-stricken look of numbers of men lounging about the station. I never saw starvation so clearly depicted on any men's faces before; they none of them begged, but I could see they were utterly destitute. At the Hotel Windsor, New York, I met my friend the banker, who had travelled with me from Hong-Kong, and, on comparing notes, he asked me if I had remarked the starving appearance of the people of Chicago? I said "yes," and told him he had only confirmed what I had myself noticed. The season had been very bad here as elsewhere; hence the want of employment.

I walked about the streets of this marvellous town, wondering how a city containing five hundred thousand people could have sprung up in so short a time, and still more, how it could have survived, and, indeed, almost fully recovered from two such awful conflagrations. The place has been described by a good many writers. I will merely notice the enormous granaries that border the canals, the fine broad, well-laid out streets, and the miles of tramway. It is essentially a German town, and pretty nearly every other house sells lager-bier; they all bear the sign of a forester on horseback quaffing the inviting beverage. A good many candy-shops betokened the love of these people for sweets. I met my fellow-traveller from San Francisco, who I thought was married to the pretty inn-keeper's daughter, and disliking solitude, we immediately strolled about together. I was at the Grand Pacific Hotel, a very handsome and comfortable building, quite on a par with most American establishments.

In the evening I went to see "Pinafore,"

at McVicar's Theatre; it was, on the whole, better got up than in London; the orchestra was singularly good.

It so happened that a municipal election had taken place during the day. The question at issue was a very simple one, but advantage had been taken of the opportunity to test the strength of the Germans as compared with the rest of the population. The German element carried the day by a small majority. The result of the poll, and many other popular incidents of the election, were exhibited by huge transparencies outside a shop, and I was amused at the final one, which, in large letters, reminded the thousands of spectators that they owed their amusement to "Dash and Co.," and begged them to come and buy something there next day—a neat way of advertising. If our Yankee cousins understand anything it is advertising; no rock, bluff, or coign of vantage is neglected; but everything is used to point such morals as that, unless you use "Little nigger plug tobacco," your days will be few and miserable in the land. In one street in

New York I saw a large suggestive cartoon, and under it, in large letters, "Take up thy bed and walk," to which was added, "In order to do so you must use Jones' Golden Ointment." In many shops change, &c., was wrapped in ingenious puzzle advertisements.

As I stood looking, in a dense crowd, at these funny transparencies and transformations, I noticed that there was not a single drunken man amongst the multitude.

On reaching my hotel I found the place crammed by a highly excited crowd, listening to the declaration of the poll, as it was wired from the different polling places. I daresay there were a thousand present, in an hotel with a drinking bar close at hand, and not a sign of anyone in liquor. I think if, instead of writing so much of the fertility of America, those interested would point out that the real cause of prosperity out there arises from wages being spent in necessaries, and not in liquor, they would do the working-classes of this country a good turn. I shall refer to this subject again,

and make no apology for doing so, for, as I before said, it was the feature that struck me most in the States.

Next day I went again for a stroll, and admired the energy and perseverence of the people who had built this grand "pile," as the Yankees call it. I asked at the office of the hotel about the pig-killing place, and got information as to its bearings, and the best mode of reaching it. The manager told me it was hardly worth a visit, as they were not doing one-third the usual business.

However, I went. I jumped into a street tramcar close by, and I do not remember ever before going so far for threepence; I could hardly have hit on a better way of seeing how large Chicago really is. At last I reached my destination, and found a large hotel conveniently situated at the top of the cattle-market, for the accommodation of cattle-jobbers and graziers. A very large area was devoted exclusively to cattle-pens. I passed along these and soon got to a large range of brick buildings, from which such squeaks emanated as betokened it was

the place I was in search of. I had been told that the pigs went in alive at one end and came out sausages at the other; they do more, they come out good bacon; but the process is awful.

I asked permission to go in, and was shown upstairs, to the very top of a five-storied warehouse. The place was reeking with steam, the stench sickening, and the squeals horrible. The floor was flooded with water and blood, and in the centre there was a long trough, ending in a deep pool of scalding water, something like the diving-bell pool at the Polytechnic in London. Outside this was a raised covered compartment leading to a narrow, endless, revolving gangway. The pigs (squeals and all) are lifted by an elevator and turned head foremost into this passage, wedged in so that they cannot turn their head, their legs are fastened by a chain and hook, and as soon as they reach the covered compartment, a sort of "Chamber of Horrors," they are lifted by machinery and passed on head-downwards along an iron rod to the butchers, who instantly stab them, and put an end to

their squeaks. What little squeak is left is drowned, metaphorically and actually, in the boiling pool below, into which they slide by machinery.

I have seen, in diabolical illustrations of Blue Beard, his wives hung up in a row with their throats cut; here were rows of male and female pigs, hanging in a similar plight. They are fished out of the boiling water (which is a red sea) by means of forked dogs, and then passed on over the trough, dripping and scalded, to be scraped and shaved. Each man does only his own portion of each carcass. The first fellow scrapes a side, and then turns it over, sliding it at the same time to the next, who does his side, and hands it to the next to do a bit more; finally it reaches the man who disembowels it, the worst sight of all, especially occasionally in the case of a female pig. The next operator cuts off the head at a stroke, and then master piggy goes on his travels in a tram. He never sees his head again, but is carried into a cooling-room, where he is allowed to hang and become cold pork. He is in the society of hundreds of

others, and in due time a man passes and dexterously opens him down the whole front. He is then passed on to another room, and is cleft right down the back. Now that he is in two parts he is put on another tram, placed on a block and divided instantly into four parts. Then he goes down to a lower story and is salted; next to one still lower to be packed in barrels, and finally reaches the lowest, where he is put on huge waggons and is sent by rail or ship to distant lands.

I have seen a good many harrowing sights in my campaigns, and have had my nostrils offended by the smell of half-roasted "Pandies," but I confess I was beat here. I held up nobly whilst in the building, and gave the men money to buy tobacco, but, when I got outside I leant my head against the wall of the slaughter-house, and poured my sorrows forth. A jolly sun-burnt waggoner was passing by, who hailed me with, "What's up, mate?" and then laughingly pointed to the story from which the squeaks were still issuing; he evidently guessed the truth. I hurried on out of the vicinity into

the hotel bar, and called for a "brandy cocktail"—oh! how it tasted of boiling pig! I did not get that taste out of my mouth for hours; and, strange Nemesis, when I arrived at my Welsh home, my wife, intending to give me a treat after my long absence, had ordered a porker to be killed; it was a well-intentioned failure.

I left Chicago in a regular snow-storm. The snow was two inches deep in a very short time, and I had visions of being snowed up. I may here mention what was a novelty to me. I saw the people in the market-gardens burying the cabbage-heads, covering them over with earth, just as we bury mangolds and swedes, to keep them from the frost and snow; it seemed a good idea.

At the depot (by the way a very fine one) I found all the carriages, and even engines, decorated with icicles; they looked very pretty, the carriages especially appearing as if the tops were ornamented with a trimming of bugles.

Lake Michigan looked splendid, lashed into a yellow foam by the wind, and dashing

its spray right on the rails, so near did we run to it; it was really a grand sight.

At supper-time it was a matter of difficulty to get across the rails to the refreshment-room; there was no dining-saloon attached. I got a good supper and my flask filled, for I knew it was going to be a bitter night. However, the cars were well warmed, and I had nothing to complain of; indeed, my miseries, from the day I left Southampton, would go into a very small space, I certainly made none for myself.

Next morning we were at Cleveland, a fine town on Lake Erie. I could not see through my window until I had first cleared the frost off it. I found Lake Erie frozen and snow-clad, as far as the eye could reach. It was a fine and interesting sight, reminding me of the Sea of Azof in 1854, when I used to drive out in a sledge with a pair of horses, and have a glass of wine handed to me over the side of a gun-boat fast frozen in.

The scenery could not fail to be interesting, with the white sea of ice on the one side, and a finely cultivated undulating country on the other, it made me think of Hampshire.

CHAPTER X.

NIAGARA—TOUTING AND RASCALITY—MY COSTUME—"CREEPERS"—BEHIND THE FALLS—CEDAR ISLAND—THE BURNING WELL—A PARROT-LIKE GUIDE—INTENSE COLD—"PINAFORE" AGAIN—THE HORSE-SHOE FALL—A BRIDGE OF ICE—IMPORTUNATE GUIDES—ARRIVE AT NEW YORK AFTER THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED MILES OF RAIL.

I HAD now reached a place called Buffalo, where I had to change for Niagara. The cars on this line were very large, cold, and comfortless, with a series of arm-chairs scattered about for passengers to sit on. I was joined by several passengers, whom I easily recognised as Canadians. I do not think there is much love lost between the Americans and the Canadians. The land round Niagara seemed to be very fertile, and highly cultivated, being planted chiefly with fruit trees. All the first-class hotels were shut up, the

only one open being a comfortable second-class house, called the Spencer House. Thither I went, and got a room and lunch. I then hired a two-horse trap at a ruinous figure, to take me the usual round.

Fanny Kemble, I think, has said that, if you could imagine an ocean tumbling down from the moon, you would then even fall far short of any idea of what Niagara really is. How then shall I attempt to describe it? I did not get a good view of the falls until I got on the Suspension Bridge, where they burst on me in all their magnificence. I had made up my mind to be almost disappointed, or at least to be only partly astonished, but the sight was too much for me, and I was simply astounded. The whole earth, let alone the bridge, seemed to tremble at the majesty of this vast mass of falling water. A cloud of misty foam rose in a grand column three hundred feet high, and then dispersed, carried off by the wind. Whilst standing watching this hissing, boiling, crashing torrent, exemplifying so strikingly the mighty power and majesty of the Creator, a flake of snow settled like swans-

down on my ungloved hand, and silently dissolved into a glistening dewdrop. The contrast was superb, and suggested in touching simplicity the love and tenderness of that Almighty hand which creates all things, from the mighty thunder and boundless ocean to the lily's tender petal.

There are two seasons in the year in which the falls can be seen in the greatest perfection. Winter, with its wreaths and festoons of frost-covered foliage and circlets of icicles, and summer, with its beauty of flower and foliage. Fortune brought me there in winter, and I do not regret it. Everything was bright and clear, but certainly the cold was very intense. The thermometer was 16 degrees Fahrenheit, and my very eyelashes, let alone my moustache, were frozen.

Arriving on the Canadian side, I went to the usual place for a guide to take me under the falls. I was much pestered to buy worthless articles, and to be photographed in my "fall costume," as if anyone would care to see me muffled up like an Esquimaux. I was assured the Princess

Louise and the Marquis of Lorne had been photographed, and had done everything that the conventional sightseer ought to do (or rather ought not to do), until the whole thing became a nuisance; and here, for once and for all, I declare my determination never to revisit Niagara. I would willingly see the magnificent scenery and stupendous falls again, but the touting and rascality, the begging, and thousand and one ways of annoying a stranger, make the place a curse instead of a joy, and in the midst of a natural Paradise you are everywhere reminded "that only man is vile." There is no spot from which a good view of these grand falls can be seen to advantage at which you have not either to pay a dollar for looking, or else some tout follows you and kindly offers to assist you in your reveries by giving graphic descriptions of all that surrounds you; or by proffering trumpery moccasins, or bits of villainous shell-work. The tariff is a perfect robbery. If, on the Canadian side, you buy a common twopenny article, they never say a word about duty; so when you cross over the bridge, on the American side you

have to pay at least six times the value, as duty. I would, I declare, almost advise any friend of mine rather to forego the exquisite sight of the falls than to incur what to me was absolute misery.*

But to return to the falls. As I wished to go under them, I was conducted into an inner apartment, and there clad in a complete suit of oilskins, which were perfectly waterproof, and then had a pair of iron grapnels, called "creepers," fastened under my goloshes to prevent my slipping on the ice. I was then conducted by a huge coloured man to the cliff overhanging the falls, near to the spot where once stood the celebrated "Table Rock," which was, however, carried away some time ago. I went down a spiral staircase, something like those in the towers at the Crystal Palace. For about one hundred feet the lower steps were one sheet of ice from the spray that had drifted in.

At last I got outside on to frozen rock and moss-covered stones. I was of course placed

* Since this was written steps have been taken to form a sort of neutral park for the benefit of both nations.

on the very spot where the Princess had stood, and made to touch every stick and stone that every Viceroy had touched from time immemorial. The noise was deafening, and, every time I opened my mouth to shout to my guide, I got a mouthful of spray. Holding on by my guide's arm I succeeded in getting under the falls, and did not much relish the feeling that millions of tons of water were being shot over my head, or the thought that, if anything occurred to lessen that shooting, I should be made as flat as a pancake in a second. Every now and then there was a horrid crash in the abyss down below as some great block of ice came tumbling down from Lake Erie. In front of me was a white moving mass of water, which made me feel rather dizzy, just as looking at a chromatrope sometimes does. Beneath me was a seething cauldron of hissing, foaming water, that surged wildly. to and fro, almost inviting one to cast oneself head foremost into it. I was drenched with the spray, and almost blinded by the mist-like foam, and was glad enough to get back again on *terra firma*. I gave

my guide a tip, which he looked at very discontentedly. I had already paid four shillings for the use of the dress and his services. The man at the establishment, finding I would not purchase any of his trash, was anything but civil, and I was glad enough to get away from such harpies.

I next went to Cedar Island, a pretty spot standing in the Rapids, and connected with the Canadian shore by a very neat suspension-bridge. The island is somewhat spoilt by a huge wooden scaffolding erected in order that the Prince of Wales might have a better view towards Lake Erie, and of the Falls generally. From thence I went to the "Burning Well." I am very doubtful whether this was not as well worth seeing as anything during my travels. I was received by a parrot of a guide, who in one long breath described scientifically the wonders of the well and the analysis of the water. I shall not attempt to follow him, but content myself with saying that the water smelt filthy, and tasted even worse. A lighted match was placed on the

surface of the water, and it instantly burnt like brandy round a plum-pudding. A hollow cylinder was then placed in it, and the gas rushing up it, on having a match applied, burst into a long flame, like the gas from a pipe attached to the main when they are doing night repairs in London. A rag did not consume when placed immediately over the neck of the pipe, but was burnt instantly on being placed a little higher up. This phenomenon I was accustomed to from having many times as a boy at school passed my fingers slowly just over a lighted gas jet, and been considerably burnt by trying the same thing a little higher up. What philosophers a little experience makes us! A tumbler was rinsed in the water, and then set on fire. I asked my loquacious guide whether he had ever tried the same experiment with his mouth. He did not see the joke, and when I made allusions to the strong smell of sulphur, and hinted that the "old gentleman" might be nearer than we imagined, he got sulky, and would not go on any more about hydrogen and oxygen. He took my dollar, but was dolorous (no

joke intended) because it was not more. I put my name down in a book, and placed my initials after instead of before the name, so I hope it will be taken that I am a member of some learned body or institute.

My gracious! wasn't it cold driving back —the snow had turned into sleet driven by a howling wind. Major Burnaby, in his "Ride to Khiva," can tell something about the sensation produced by drifting sleety snow. I remember something like it in the Crimea at Kertch. I could not cry before the driver, but I longed to do so. My ears felt as if they belonged to some one else, whilst my nose and cheek-bones were a curse to me. I gave the driver an extra shilling to get a glass of something to warm him, whilst I went to the bar, and, as Artemus Ward would say, "put myself outside a full-grown man's allowance of something comforting," and then toasted myself by the stove. I dined with a company who were going to do "Pinafore" that night, but, as I had heard them doing some of the choruses whilst I was at lunch, I did not care to go and hear more. They were a

genial lot, and were surprised to find that I had already seen that delightful little opera no less than five times in different parts of the worlds. On going to bed I was rather amused at my coloured waiter, who said, "Sar, my name Antonio; mind you want anything, you ask Antonio."

Next morning, to the immense disgust of the hotel-keeper and all the cabbies, I went out alone on foot. I was as usual followed by cabs and touts until I reached the bridge toll-gate, when they had to turn back, but on the other side a fresh batch assailed me. On the whole I like the American Falls the best; the immense column of foam obscures the Horse-shoe Falls. Then again the exquisite foreground of icebergs in front of the American Falls not only adds much to their beauty, but enabled me to judge more accurately their immense height, and the volume of falling water.

Goat Island looked very picturesque with its winter garments on. I stood for a long time on the bridge, looking down stream towards Lake Ontario, and watching the stream getting gradually blocked across with ice

floes frozen together. This year, for the first time within the memory of man, the ice bridge below the Falls was strong enough to admit of a horse crossing it, and in honour of the occasion I bought a photograph with the horse standing on the bridge. I wandered about the town of Niagara until it was time to start, and I was not sorry to get away from this world-renowned spot; but I do hope that those interested in attracting strangers to it, will do something to alleviate the nuisances they undergo from importunate guides, &c. The complaints on this subject are general, and it was mentioned to me by many fellow-travellers. At Buffalo I had again to change my train: it was somewhat late, so I made myself comfortable at once for the night. It was my intention to have gone by Oneida Creek to visit a curious sect of Free Lovers settled there, mentioned by Hepworth Dixon; but, on asking the conductor when I should arrive there, I found that I was in the wrong train, my ticket at San Francisco having been made out for another route. What annoyed me most, was missing the run along the banks

of the Hudson river, as they say the scenery equals that of the Rhine.

At eight a.m. I found, on waking, that we were in a well-cultivated region, with a much warmer climate, and by about eleven we were actually at Jersey City. I had traversed three thousand five hundred miles by rail, and slept seven nights in the cars. No journey could probably have been made more comfortably, I might say luxuriously; it was at times tedious, especially crossing the desert and prairie, but everything was done to relieve the *ennui*, and books and papers were to be obtained all along the whole route. I must mention the unwearied attention of all the officials, and add also that I saw no sign of card-sharping, gambling, or any description of rowdyism.

At Jersey City we were transhipped into a huge ferry-boat that took not only all the passengers, baggage, mails, &c., but also the horse-vans that contained the mails and lots of other traps conveying milk, vegetables, &c., for the use of New York. I considered these floating castles a characteristic feature in American scenery, and I am doubtful

whether the crossing over in them is not the most interesting novelty to a stranger. The myriads of these gigantic floating palaces, the broad expanse of water covered with shipping, the grand view of the city, all inspired me with admiration and wonder.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW YORK—FIFTH AVENUE—HOTEL WINDSOR—THE MENU—THE "PERSONAL" COLUMN—THE STORY OF "CHARMS" AND "SCROLL"—STREETS OF NEW YORK—ABSENCE OF CRIME—A LADY LECTURER TAKES ME IN HAND—THE TOBACCO NUISANCE—CUNARD LINE—ARRIVE AT LIVERPOOL—BAD LANGUAGE AND DRUNKENNESS—THE FOOD PRODUCE QUESTION—"BROTHER JONATHAN."

WITH sundry groans and certain visible oscillations, the floating monster was brought to a standstill alongside the pier, and I had arrived at New York City. An interesting crucial test was about to be applied, for here I had been promised the restoration of my beloved baggage; that baggage which contained mementoes of thirty thousand miles traversed, that held my money, photos., silks, ivories, &c. I had guarded my brass tickets with as much care

and anxiety as if they had been crown jewels.

On landing, a tout came up and said,

"What hotel, Sir?"

I replied, "Windsor Hotel."

"All right," he said. "You sit here, give me your ticket, and I'll get your baggage."

I confidingly gave them, and just as he disappeared, it flashed across my mind that I had done a very foolish thing. I had entrusted my tickets to a perfect stranger, whose face I should never recognise again, and who had quietly told me to sit there till he came back.

Everybody had gone from the waiting-room, and I began to feel miserably uncomfortable. At last I found an official, and explained my troubles to him. He asked whether I knew the man. I said "No." He tried to comfort me by saying it would be all right, but I insisted on being taken to where the baggage was being landed.

Just as I got there, I saw some one collaring a portmanteau bearing my initials. I rushed at him and found that it was my

friendly porter, and that all was right, and I was again in possession of my traps which I had not seen for ten days, and which had quietly travelled by themselves across the great continent. The system certainly is admirable.

I gave the man a tip, and my baggage was put on a swell landau, with a pair of horses. I objected, but could get nothing less imposing. After a really short drive, which, however seemed interminably long to me, we arrived in Fifth Avenue, that "holy of holies" of New York, of which I had heard and read since childhood. We pulled up at that most princely of hotels "The Windsor." The driver of the landau was, he said, ill-requited for his trouble when I gave him twelve shillings, which the hotel manager said was enough. I thought very much so, but Jarvey thought otherwise and went away grumbling.

The room at first shown to me did not suit, so I changed to another which had the same accommodation and necessaries that my room at San Francisco had, but lacked the cheerful look-out. The furniture

was very handsome, and the room large and lofty. It certainly was a great luxury after so many days' travelling to have only to walk out of your bedroom into the adjoining bath-room, and there tumble into a huge bath full of hot water.

After my ablutions I made tracks for the breakfast saloon, and there, to my great joy, I came across my friend the Hong-Kong banker, who had parted from me at Yoko-hama. He had, of course, seen very much more of America than I had, and his notes on New York were very valuable to me. We were both equally struck by the poverty-stricken appearance of the lower orders at Chicago, and indignant at the importunities of the people at Niagara. He had, unfortu-nately, paid his passage-money and secured his berth, or he would have remained another week to travel with me. We accommodated each other by exchanging his dollars for my English gold, at par. These Yankees make you pay toll for exchanging English money.

The Hotel Windsor is so magnificent and luxurious that I am tempted to give it a

small space at the risk of being thought a puffer. In size it is almost equal to the "Palace" at San Francisco, but everything is better ordered, in consequence, I fancy, of there being no coloured waiters. All details are so well managed that everything seems to be done by magic; you never see a servant or pail about, yet the cleanness is marvellous. As soon as you vacate your room, some one pops out from some secret corner, and it is put right instantly, and then the door is closed, and no one can enter unless with a master-key. The drawing-rooms are simply palatial, and the breakfast, lunch, and dining-rooms equally superb. The menu is all that can be desired. I append a portion of one taken at hazard as being very American, and therefore interesting:—

Mayonnaise.

Chicken. Lobster.

Cucumber, Dandelion, Lettuce.

Field-Salad.

What field-salad was I never ascertained; it certainly was not dandelion. There were far too many novelties for me to try to admit of my entering on a voyage of discovery in

this line. I noticed that "oysters on half shell," as they term it, were to be had at every meal. Terrapin and canvas-back duck, with green turtle and Colbert soup, also graced the bill of fare, to which add Californian salmon and sweet corn as a vegetable. I used to have such delicious little suppers when I came home from the theatre, and only wanted a nice companion to make the thing perfect. I must not forget to add that the menu was printed on the most artistic card I have ever seen. I brought one home with me.

During breakfast time a manager sits outside the door, having in front of him a table on which are placed piles of all the leading daily local papers for you to purchase any you like. No local papers are supplied in the reading rooms, but they take in any amount of general and foreign newspapers. Newspapers are an institution in America; no one that can afford it omits to take one in. The advertisement sheets are deliciously droll at times, and the column headed "Personal," is always eagerly scanned by both sexes. I think I have mentioned else-

where that nearly everyone has a private box, and that the owners call for their letters; this gives young ladies a good opportunity for private correspondence. I annex a few amusing advertisements from an old copy of the *Herald* I happen to have by me:—

"Elise.—S. will meet you at any time and place you mention. Wm. H., box 107, Herald Uptown Office."

"Madison Avenue Stage, Monday morning. —Handsome brunette, roll music, Schirmer's. Please send address to party reading Herald in corner, Herald Office."

"Monday morning, at Daniell's.—Beautiful young lady in very light costume; ardent admirer, standing opposite, anxious to form acquaintance. Address Harry, Herald Office."

"Will lady in black sealskin sacque, accompanied by elder lady, who left the Aquarium, 34th st., yesterday, and took car, got out on 14th st., saw gentleman on front platform of car and in Aquarium, send address to admirer, Carthage, Herald Office?"

"Will petite pretty lady, who crossed Fulton Ferry Sunday evening about six, walked with a gentleman up Fulton to Duffield, to Willoughby, went alone into No. —, address Handkerchief, Herald Office?"

I here introduce an amusing incident, in connection with this fashion of advertising, that came under my notice. In the *Herald* of a certain date, an advertisement appeared as follows:—

"Charms.—If the gentleman wearing a bunch of charms on his watch-guard, and who rode yesterday in the Broadway tram-car to Madison Square, with a young lady carrying a scroll of music, will be at the corner of the Square at the same hour to-morrow, he will oblige; or send Address to Stella, box 010, Herald Central Office."

Charms reads this advertisement, and remembers the fair girl with the scroll. He consults a friend, and determines to go just for the fun of the thing. It could scarcely be a *sell*, as no one but "Scroll" and "Charms" can possibly know the time or

part of Madison Square indicated in the advertisement. "Charms" goes therefore, and finds "Scroll" waiting. She walks up without any embarrassment, and holds out her hand, which he cordially shakes. The following dialogue then commences.

Scroll. "We can talk better sitting than standing, shall we go in here and have an ice-cream?"

Charms. "Certainly, by all means."

They enter a first-class restaurant, sit down and order ices.

Scroll. "It is very kind of you to meet me, and I will frankly state my business. I am a teacher of music, and earn just enough to make me independent of my friends. I am possessed of some talent, and think I can do better by striking out a new line, and am therefore desirous of forming an alliance with some musical party, to work the thing together—you understand?"

Charms. "Certainly."

Scroll. "Well, I guess you're a professional in that line, and, as I like your appearance, I

determined to put the matter to you straight."

Charms. "I presume by alliance you mean matrimonial?"

Scroll. "Most certainly."

Charms here meditates in his own mind whether he shall carry on the joke, or own at once that he is only an indifferent amateur, and, alas! also a married man. He, however, decides in favour of being honest, and continues thus:—

Charms. "My dear young lady, I am very much flattered by the compliments you have paid me; but I must in common honesty tell you that I am not professional, and that I am already married."

Scroll (quite unconcernedly). "Then that ends the matter. I have only to thank you for being so straightforward about it, and for giving me this interview." She rises and gives him her hand.

Charms. "Will you permit me to pay for the ices?"

Scroll. "No, thank you." Goes to the bar, pays for her refreshment, and with a polite bow and smile departs.

Charms told me he never saw his friend again; but I daresay he hopes she has met with a nice musical partner.

In the States women are brought up from their childhood to be independent, and almost all seek and gain employment. There is nothing unfeminine or unmaidenly in their trying to better themselves or advance their interests. The same thing occurs daily in our own metropolis, but does not come so prominently before our eyes. Anyone who has bought a *Matrimonial Advertiser* will be well aware of this. A gallant horse artilleryman amused me greatly by his description of an interview he once had with a lady at a matrimonial agent's office; and if any of my readers have ever come across a clever little pamphlet entitled "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," I can assure them that the incidents narrated in it all occurred to a brother officer of mine, and are substantially correct. I mention these facts in order that the little adventure narrated by "Charms" may not be set down as being too Yankee, or be viewed in a light detrimental to the ladies of New York.

I was a good deal disappointed in the city; there was none of the magnificence that had been so persistently boasted of by my fellow-travellers. Fifth Avenue is, to my mind, a good ordinary thoroughfare; Broad Street comparatively dull, compared with Ludgate Hill or the Strand.

There is scarcely a good detached house to be seen, and the public buildings are not superior to those of our leading provincial towns. The regularity of the laying out of the city and the unity of design in construction form the chief attractions. There are none of the funny old dilapidated erections that are dotted about in older cities; all the architecture is modern and uniform. Fifth Avenue is much spoilt by a huge reservoir that occupies a large frontage. It is, I understand, disused, and might by means of glass be converted into a pretty winter garden, or, better still, be pulled down altogether. The hotels are decidedly superior to ours in every respect, but especially in their bathing arrangements and the fixed daily tariff. The absence of all begging on the part of servants, is an

absolute blessing. The street locomotion is good, but the want of cabs at anything like a reasonable fare is much felt. The elevated railway is a nuisance and an eye-sore; it is much prized by the inhabitants, but to my mind cannot be compared with our underground. The dwellers in the vicinity, no doubt, get used to it, but I think it mars the look of a well laid out city.

In my ignorance I used to fancy New York a perfect labyrinth of streets never to be understood by a stranger. It is, on the contrary, the most easy city in the world to find one's way about in. The old portion round Wall Street and the docks is the only difficult part. The whole of the city is laid out in avenues running north and south, and numbered from one upwards. These are again more closely intersected at right angles by streets numbered in a similar way. All streets to the west of a certain central avenue have West prefixed; thus West Forty-seventh Street, or East Forty-seventh, and, therefore, if you are directed to a house, say No. 714, West

Sixty-fourth Street, it is merely a matter of keeping your eyes open and reading the numbers. Great improvement is required in the way in which the numbers of the streets are painted, as also in the way they are inscribed on the corner street-lamps. The lighting at night is not good. The streets are very clean, and no beggars or hawkers molest you. There are very few police, and it is a blessing, for those you do see are so ridiculously dressed that they look like old women. They are, however, a very fine body of men, but their dress is inconvenient and undignified.

I must here again revert to the subject of drunkenness. I saw absolutely none. I went to queer haunts, and was out at ghostly hours, and I saw not one drunken man. I spoke to a police superintendent on the subject of crime, telling him that, as a magistrate, I was interested in the subject. He told me there was very little, that there was a good deal of drunkenness if you went into the grog-shops near the docks; but he admitted that it was rare in the open streets. How I wish it could only be found in grog-

shops in our towns. At night the streets are singularly quiet and orderly, and nowhere did I see the class of women that are such a nuisance in our Haymarket and about our public thoroughfares. There is a want of the first-class equipages that you see in London and Paris, and, when you do see an approach to one, it is always spoilt by something tawdry or out of keeping. One thing especially almost distracted me, namely, the fashion of coachmen wearing white oilskin covers on their hats in showery weather. Surely, if people can afford to drive a carriage and pair, they can afford a second hat for their coachman on wet days; it looks hideous. The horses, both draught and carriage, were good; the former were slight compared with ours, but their streets are so much flatter that a heavy horse is perhaps not so much required. I did not see the magnificent shops alluded to by His Grace of Argyll. The jewellers' were the best, but in no sense equal to our first-class London ones. The articles exhibited were singularly elegant and of superior workman-

ship. A few large mercers' attracted my attention.

In New York several firms rank very high for skill in taking photographic likenesses. I place them the first in the world in that line. Art generally is but poorly represented. I went to see an exhibition of paintings; I also attended a largely advertised sale of oils; but in neither did I see anything I cared for. Music is very successfully cultivated. The theatres are good, and there is an immense amount of local talent. "Pinafore" was not got up so well as at Chicago. The newspapers are, as I have said before, a great institution, and the way in which everyone, from a murderer to a politician, is interviewed is quite amusing. The offices of several journals are a marked feature in street architecture. The chief beauty of the city is Central Park. The contour of the ground is naturally very beautiful, and much has been done to add scenic effect, but it seems too large for the amount of labour expended on it, and has an uncared-for look about it at places. The Zoological Gardens are very poor; indeed,

they scarcely deserve their name. I was much amused at a park-keeper in this place. The ground sparkles everywhere with a kind of stone containing a large quantity of mica. The formation was so strange and attractive that I picked up a specimen and asked the park-keeper what it was, meaning the geological formation.

"What do they call this?" I said, holding out the specimen.

"Sure, they call it a stone!" he replied.

"Yes," I said, "I know that, but what kind of stone?"

"Sure, it's only a stone with a bit of *isinglass* in it."

I asked him if he came from the Emerald Isle, and strange to say he did.

The ornamental water in this park is very picturesque, and when the azaleas and rhododendrons are out, it must be lovely. The drinking saloons are much like those of San Francisco without the eatables. Churches seem very numerous. One was opened at Brooklyn, whilst I was there, by a young lady who gave a very sensible ad-

dress to the congregation. She said she had determined to try the issue whether a woman, being in possession of Church property, could succeed in turning it to the legitimate benefit of her fellow-creatures. It was an advanced movement, and she promised, aided by competent persons, to devote all her energies to the welfare and the higher development of her sex. The suspension bridge intended to connect the city with Brooklyn, will be a wonder of the age when finished. The span from tower to tower is nearly 1,600 feet. The amount of shipping in the east river was considerable. The markets were not prepossessing. In the old part of the city I was glad to come across Washington's head-quarters. Of course I went to Niblo's, and was well entertained, also to Delmonico's, where I was well charged.

The residents in the hotel seemed a very superior class, and I made some agreeable acquaintances.

One very nice old gentleman gave me much interesting information respecting the country, especially about California in its early

days. In answering my question, he said it was quite true that there was a holding of four hundred thousand acres, held by two brothers, who grew forty thousand acres of wheat, and each possessed seventy-five thousand sheep. I met a queer character, a single lady of a certain age got up in a very juvenile manner, especially about the head. I ascertained that she was a female lecturer. Sitting in the public room one day before dinner, she came and sat beside me and entered into conversation. She knew exactly who I was, and where I came from, and spoke of my travels. She gave me a pamphlet on women's rights, and the necessity for a revolution in respect of women's dress. Her opinions were extreme, she spoke freely of the doctrine of Malthus, and, like many of her countrywomen, considered that on that subject in particular women were greatly wronged. She was very ladylike and well informed, but like many others seemed bent on educating girls in a manner altogether undesirable.

I was particularly struck with the extreme silence that was observed during meal times;

parties occupying the same table, well known to each other, seldom seemed to converse. I was never addressed by anyone. I could almost always tell Englishmen by their holding conversation at meals. In looking back, I try to remember any serious drawback or blot on the character of these cousins of ours, and I can safely say that I can only point out one, and that is the inordinate use of tobacco. The women complain of it most bitterly, and it is a grand point in their crusade against men. I never could understand their temperance cry, for drunkenness, as far as I could judge, is not a crying evil in the States, but the "noxious weed" is indeed a great curse. Women complain that, what with smoking and chewing, the men become saturated with tobacco, and, in more than one of the books on women's rights before alluded to, the effect of the nicotine taint on the offspring, was spoken of in very terrible terms. The advertisements of "plug" tobacco for chewing that I saw the whole way from San Francisco to New York, alone indicated the extensive sale that the article must have;

and the spitting about the cars and platforms of railways is simply beastly. In the cars two spittoons are provided to every compartment, and the passengers make good or indifferent shots into them as they pass by. As I never required such a thing, I had mine removed, only to have it restored, as I found that passers-by made shots all the same, and that made the matter worse. On board the Cunard Line steamship "Parthia" I was positively made ill by the state of the decks, one man seeming to live with a quid in his mouth. I could never understand why some boats running charged so much more than others. Can it be that by a higher rate of passage-money you avoid tobacco? The more educated and higher classes do not indulge to any extent in the use of tobacco, but in America classes are so jumbled up together that you necessarily come in contact with people of indifferent habits. In spite of the women's complaints, the children do not show any signs of delicacy, and are, as everyone knows, perfect types of beauty. The worship of the almighty dollar is not one bit greater here

than elsewhere, but it is brought more prominently before you, in consequence of the more public style of life. I noticed the great preponderance of grey-haired men, some evidently quite prematurely so, and was told that the anxiety and pressure on the brain incident to money speculations would alone account for it. The love of dress in the women, and the absurd amount of time devoted to the dressing of hair, is due to the encouragement given by husbands, and the leisure that ladies have at their disposal in consequence of living at hotels, and having no domestic duties to occupy their time. In conclusion, I frankly admit that all my prejudices, and they were many and strong, were entirely dispelled by my visit to the United States.

I had travelled, I think, at various times, by nearly every great line leaving our shores, but had never taken a trip in one of the Cunard steamers. I determined now to do so. Luckily a gentleman who was returning from New Zealand, and whose acquaintance I made at the Windsor Hotel, was going by the same line, so we went down and booked

together in the "Parthia," for Liverpool. We spent the last days a good deal together, and chartered a fly to take us and our baggage on board, for which we were charged the moderate sum of one pound. The carriage and pair, with ourselves in it, was put on board the ferry-boat, and we went across quite comfortably.

The "Parthia" was a very comfortable boat, but there was an awful omission in the absence of bath-rooms. Can anyone imagine a first-class passenger steamer of 2,037 tons with no bathing accommodation! I do not like the Cunard rule of not allowing the officers, with the exception of the Captain, to dine with the passengers. They are all gentlemen, and very well-educated ones, too, and it is a great boon to have a chat with those connected with the ship, and who can tell you endless adventures concerning the route, and the many public characters they have travelled with. The Captain and Chief-officer were very pleasant, but were much given to colouring photographs in oil by a process said to have been discovered by the Chief-officer. He very kindly volunteered to

show me "how it was done," but whether by design or accident misinformed me on the most vital point. It bothered me for a time, but eventually I discovered my error. I expect he was playing a trick on an old soldier. We had a prosperous voyage and nice passengers, except the man who used so much tobacco. We had many discussions about temperance, and one gentleman who had crossed the "big pond" eleven times to set up machinery, and had done business with nearly every nation under the sun, gave it as his opinion that the French workman was the hardest drinker. He commenced early, and, in consequence of taking wine with every meal, became saturated with it; alcohol permeated all that he ate. The Englishman has his "fuddle" once a week, and it is over. He told us a very amusing anecdote of a Scotch workman that had gone out with him on one occasion. On Monday this man went with his comrades to have their bout of drinking, to a garden where they got nothing but läger-bier. When he had spent his allowance, his wife came to fetch him, but he declined to go as he had

not had half enough, and was much too sober; the beer was far too mild for him. However, he at last consented to go, and in returning had to cross a small stream by means of a plank. As he was crossing the plank tilted, and in he went on his back into the stream. He good-humouredly turned to his wife and said, "I say, missus, I'm thinking the beer was no' so weak as I thought." He then got up and walked quietly home, quite satisfied that he had had his money's worth.

We had, of course, the usual fogs, necessitating the use of those awful whistles that distract you night and day. A singular phase of these ships is their carrying no live stock, a great advantage; all our commissariat was stored in an ice-chamber, and the only live things that I noticed were a couple of turtles, which I became better acquainted with in the shape of soup. The sea was too rough to admit of our landing passengers at Queenstown. I was amused at having to give an assurance that I was not a Fenian. On Sunday, the 20th April, I landed at Liverpool, after having travelled about forty

thousand miles; most grateful to Providence for having brought me home safe and sound.

That evening I took a stroll out, and I can safely assert I heard more bad language, and saw more drunken men and women, than I had seen or heard in all my travels. I thought of all the wild stories I had heard of revolvers, drunkenness, saloon fights, &c., that existed in America, and contrasted their quiet streets in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York with this drunken pandemonium. Next night I walked down Regent Street to my club, after dining with a friend. I will not say what I saw, or by whom I was accosted. Indeed, so bad was it that I asked a policeman if the streets were not worse than they used to be. He replied, "Well, indeed, sir, I think they are; since they shut up them Argyle Rooms, these people have no place to go to, so they just loiter about here." Oh, sapient legislation! I then thought of all I had read about immoral Japan and indecent New Guinea, and I remembered I had come back to civilized England; to the land that glories

in the prosecution for sales of photographs of indecent Zulus, and prides itself on possessing a Society for the Suppression of Vice; and I fancied I had somewhere read something about a gnat and a camel. I only hope by my travels I have learnt to judge my neighbours by a lenient standard in such matters.

In these days, when it is fashionable to praise up every country under the sun at the expense of one's own, when men in high positions lend their great names and the power of their oratory to cry up distant lands, and thereby lure many to ruin, it is quite refreshing to read the utterances of a man like Mr. Read, M.P. I think it an imperative duty for me also to sound a warning note. Already has Australia sent more than one friendly warning to tell us that immigration is being overdone; and letter after letter from friends in New Zealand constantly keep me informed of the hazards that surround the injudicious investment of capital out there. Too many in this country seem to cherish the idea that every country is the farmer's Canaan, except England.

Hard times at home have done much to strengthen this belief, and I therefore lift up my voice to protest against any such doctrine. There is as much money to be made by patient toil and judicious investment in Great Britain as elsewhere. To my mind, the Colonies are only adapted to young men who are willing to work, and are not over-fastidious as to the style of work to be done, but who are hampered and prevented from doing so in England by the remonstrances of relatives and friends who are better off, and who resent their turning their hands to rough but honest labour. In the Colonies they get rid of these trammels, and a De Vere cheerfully wheels a barrow alongside a Norfolk Howard, or skins a sheep with a Plantagenet.

And now a concluding word about America. I have nothing to say against it; I believe it to be the "coming continent." It cannot help being so, with its boundless tracts of virgin soil; but it is not so just yet, and there may be trouble there in the future.

I am not going to give any of my own

speculations; but I shall just enter a few notes of conversations I had with intelligent, well-educated Americans who love their country well enough to be alive to her faults; not men who have been just out there for a year or two, and who talk *tall*, and so mislead others; but men whose fathers before them waged war successfully with savage nature and turned the wild deserts into smiling corn-fields. These men deprecate the rush that is now being made to establish manufactories everywhere, to the manifest neglect of the agricultural interests. One gentleman said to me, "Sir, the Almighty has given us the largest and most fruitful country in the world, and it is our duty to cultivate it, and let others keep shop. Europe can supply all that is wanted, and we can send back food in return." This idea, embodied in different forms, was repeatedly put before me. Referring to the agricultural question, as touching our home produce, it must always be remembered that, as labour is drawn to manufacturing centres, it becomes more costly in the districts, and raises the price of all produce. That the

grazing grounds are drawing further off from the sea-board, is patent to those who travel over the Rocky Mountains. Land carriage to the points of export must increase the value on arrival, and at present rival lines of rail are running at unremunerative rates. These things, taken into consideration with the fact that America will every year require more feeding stuffs for home consumption, make the look-out a little brighter for the British farmer.

It must be borne in mind, moreover, that improved agriculture out there will scarcely make any great difference in the yield of a virgin soil, whereas it may increase the cost of production; even at present farmers prefer migrating to new land, rather than incur the expense of improving exhausted soil.* Our remedy seems to me to lie in encouragement being held out by the State to farmers, in the shape of reasonable loans for improvements, to be obtained easily—not as at present with great expense and trouble—ample security to the tenant for such im-

* This was written before the publication of the report on American agriculture by Messrs. Pell and Reed.

provements, greater fixity of tenure, and a cessation from putting every burden on the land. Government spends thousands on arts and sciences; if it would only assist in pushing cheap railways into out-of-the-way agricultural districts, it would open up acres of food-producing land to the benefit of all. Again, in schools and colleges a little teaching of the elements of practical agriculture would not be thrown away. I am not aware that a single institution exists in Great Britain, under Government patronage, for the teaching of agricultural science. They manage these things better in Japan.

America, like England, has gone through a terrible crisis—this was only too plainly visible by the sad signs of want visible at Chicago, and the numerous vessels lying in vain for freights at San Francisco. She has gone through it calmly and nobly; may a brighter era be in store for her! The Yankee pure and simple, the old original Brother Jonathan of days gone by, is the best, and at the same time the rarest, article to be found. If he becomes extinct, who is to

supply his place? Will it be the Irishman, the German, the educated coloured man, or the heathen Chinee? The great diversity of nationalities causes anxiety to many. Who can tell what may happen? My motto is, America for the Americans, and may they ever be allied by bonds of interest, friendship, and brotherhood with Old England!

THE END.

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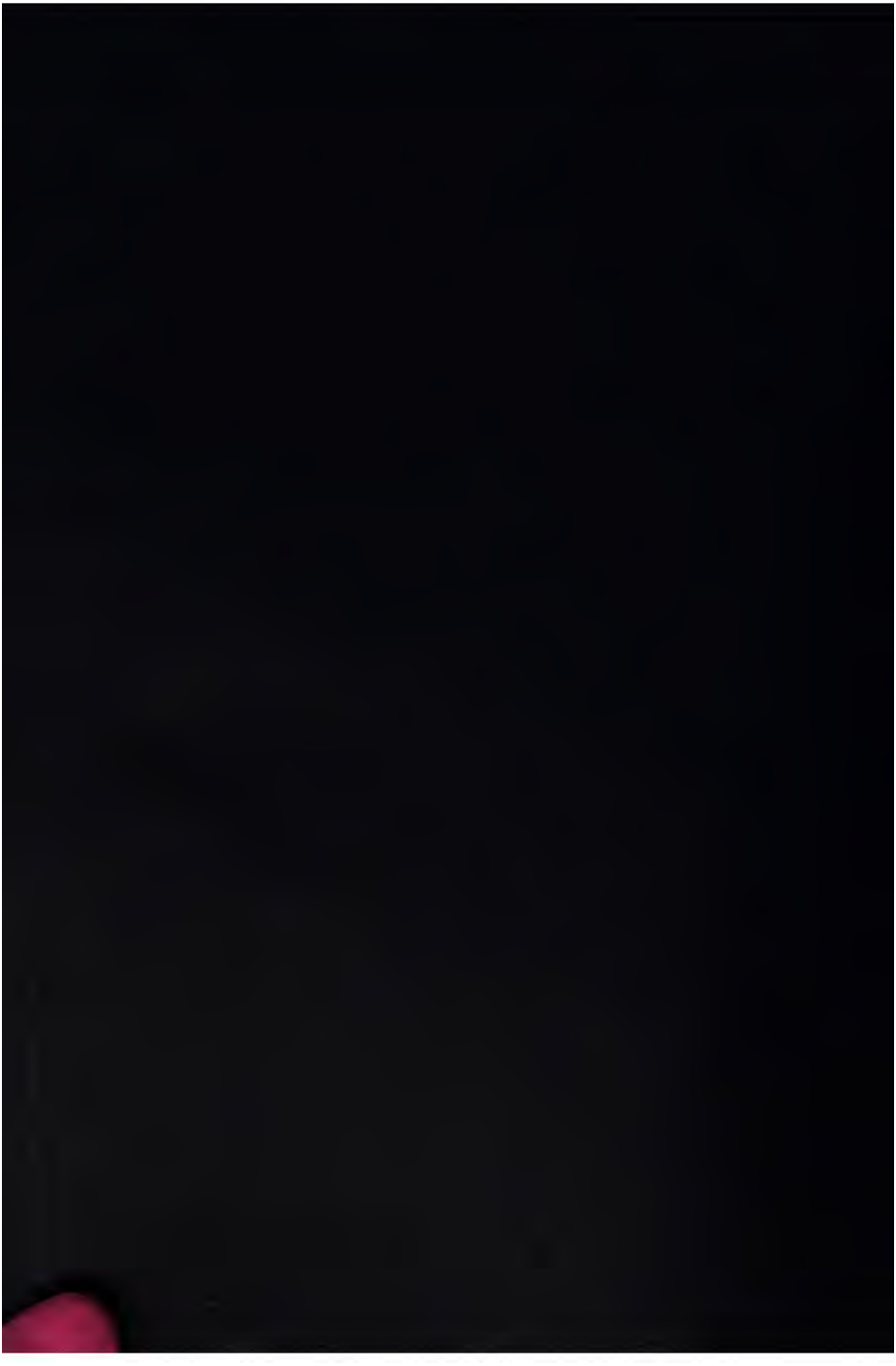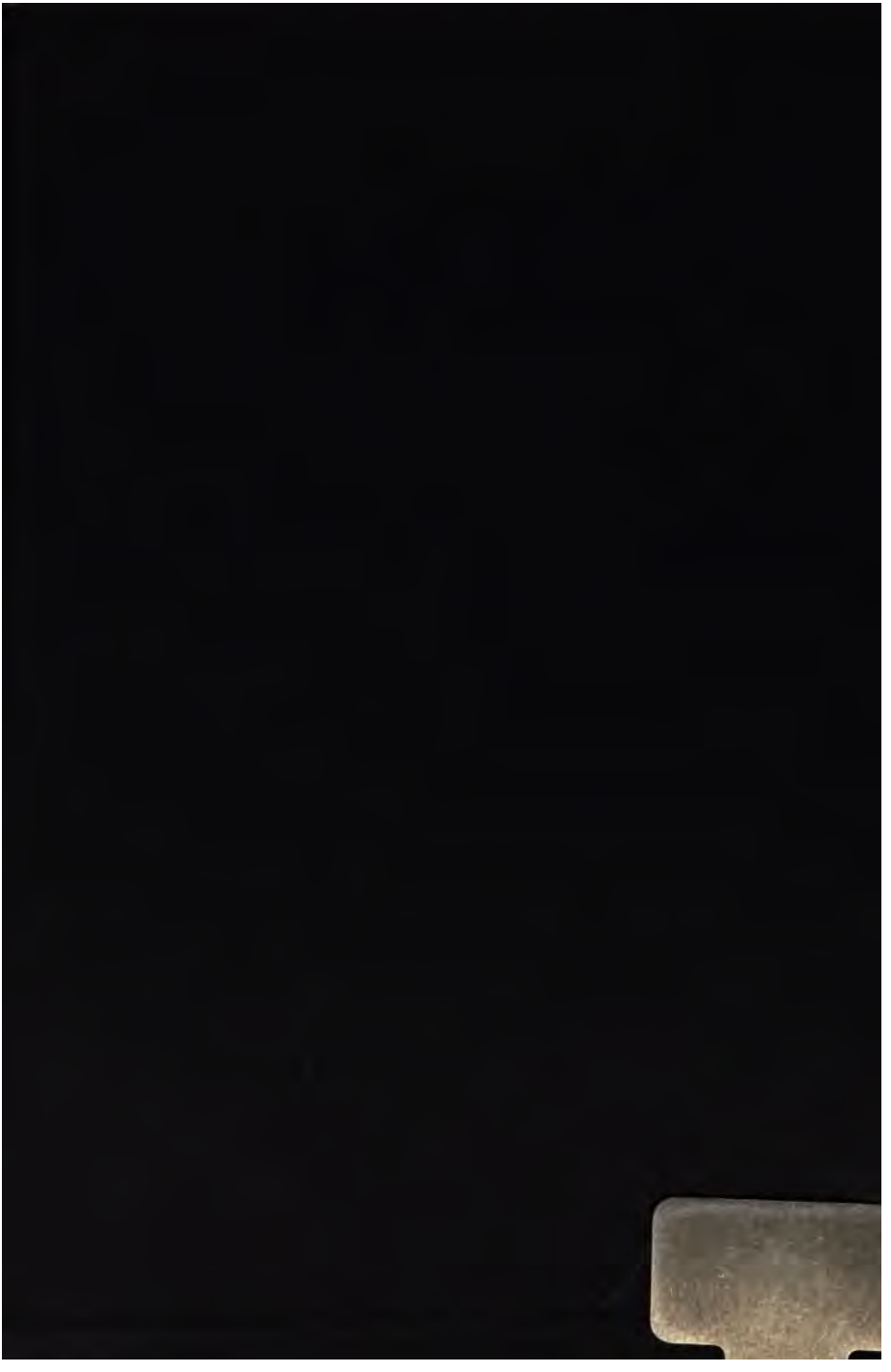
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